AFTER THE BATTLE

CORREGIDOR

Number 23

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Edited by Winston G. Ramsey

Published by Battle of Britain Prints International Ltd., 3 New Plaistow Road, Stratford, London E15 3JA, England Telephone: 01-534 8833

Printed in Great Britain by Plaistow Press Magazines Ltd., London E15 3JA

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After the Battle is published quarterly on the 15th February, May, August and November

United Kingdom Newsagent Distribution:
Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road
London SW9 7AG. Telephone 01-733 4444

United States Trade Distribution and Subscriptions:
Sky Books International, Inc.,
48 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

Canadian Distribution and Subscriptions:
Yesterday's Glory, PO Box 264,
Brampton, Ontario, L6V 2LI

Dutch Language Edition:
Tijl Periodieken B.V.
Texelstraat 76-80
1181 ES Amstelveen, Holland
Telephone: 0 20 43 43 46

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Front Cover: The long-range 12-inch gun of Battery Hearn on its circular concrete pad facing out to the South China Sea (photograph by William Bartsch in 1977) made an easy target for Japanese bombers in the 1942 seige of Corregidor.

Page 1 opposite: The same gun in its day of glory during a service practise shoot in 1936. (Master Sergeant Charles Coffin).

Right: Fort Hughes — Caballo Island — in a peaceful pre-war setting (Master Sergeant Charles Coffin via David Hale).

Centre Pages: The British Cruiser MkIII tank abandoned on the Dunkirk beaches in May 1940 and recovered in September 1978.

Back Cover. Top: Only the rusted turrets and 14-inch guns remain today of the superstructure features of Fort Drum. **Bottom:** The Sherman tank, immobilised during landing in April 1945, still lies on the south shore of Caballo Island (William Bartsch).

Acknowledgements: We are indebted to Hodder and Stoughton Ltd. for permission to quote from *The Flames of Calais* by Airey Neave in the article on the Cruiser recovery at Dunkirk.
Text and pictures describing the Marine Corps Aviation Museum courtesy of Colonel Tom D'Andrea.

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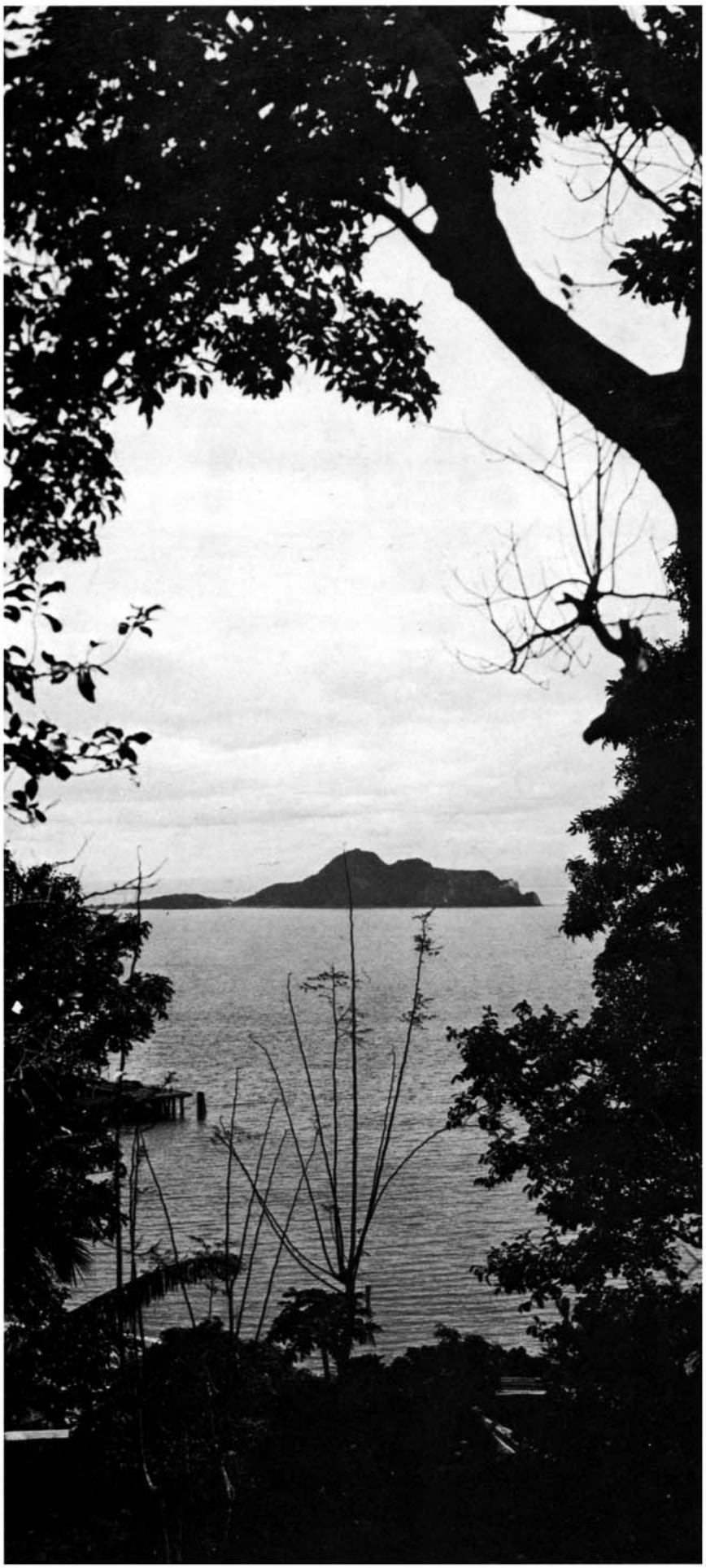
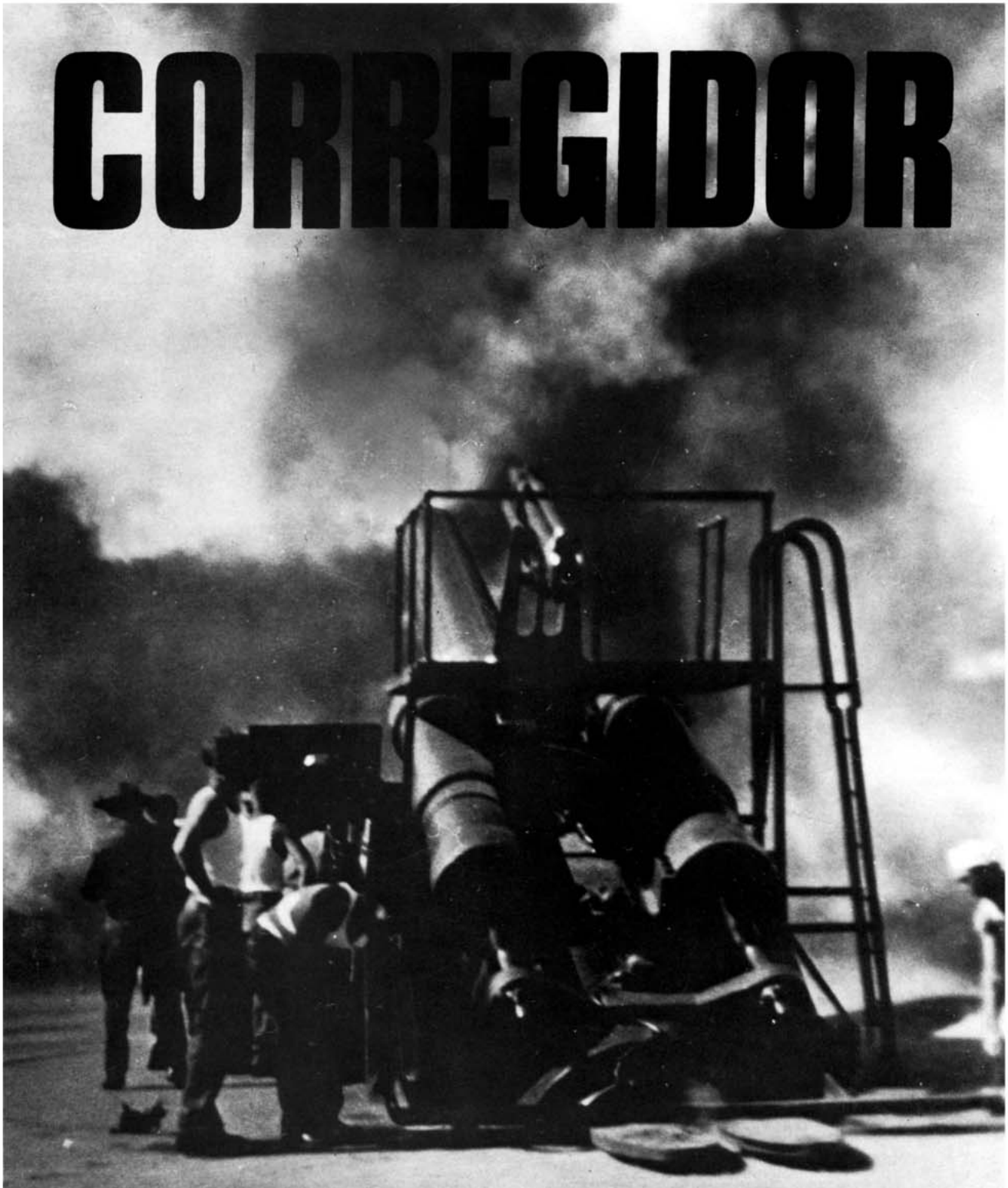
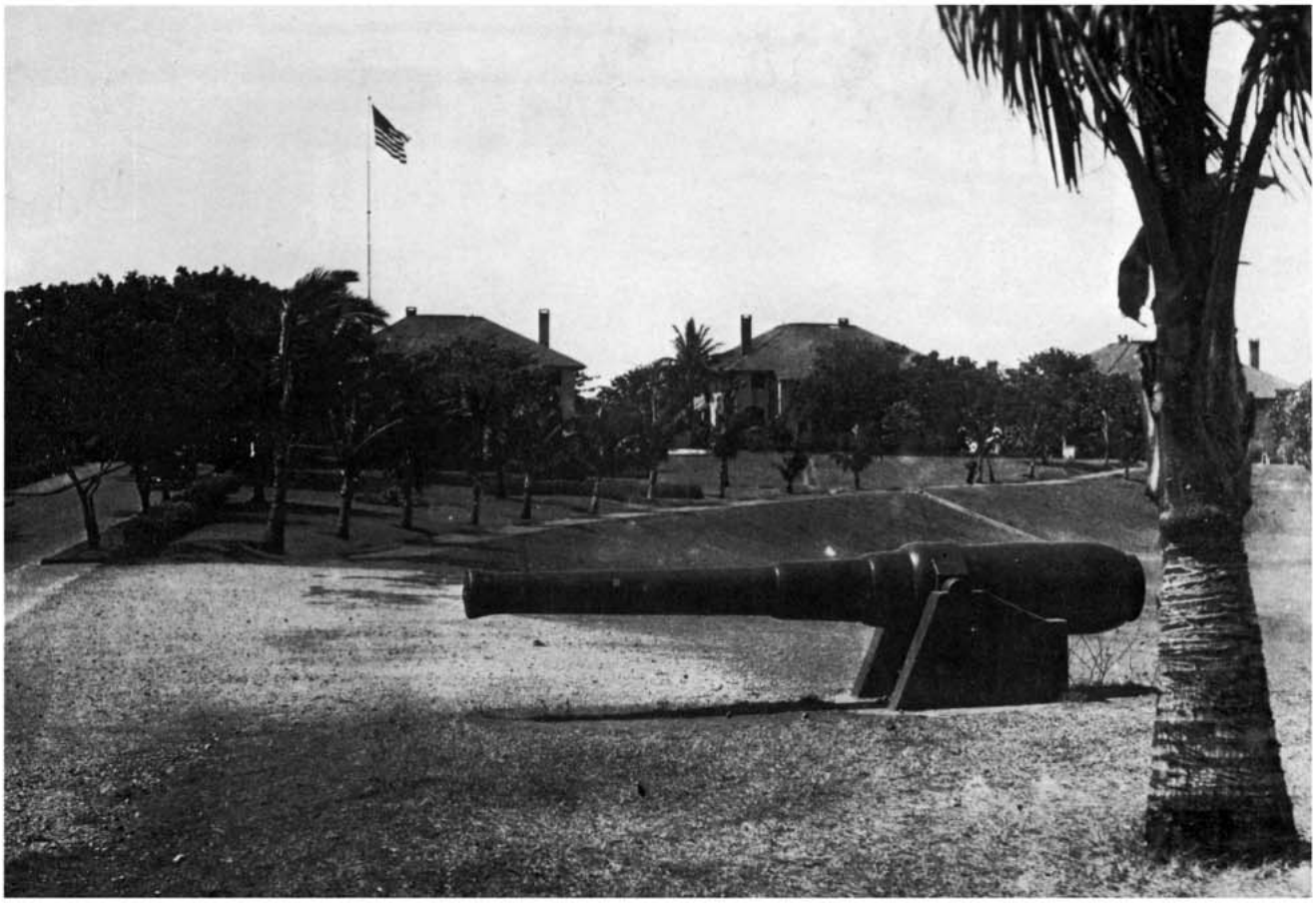
ISSN: 0306-154X



CORREGIDOR



In a recent issue, we described our visit to the Rock of Gibraltar, that unique fortress guarding the Western Mediterranean. As a contrast we now present William Bartsch's return visit to that equally important fortress of the east — Corregidor — which stands with three other island strongpoints in the approaches to Manila Bay in the Philippines. Unlike Gibraltar, Corregidor was not spared an ordeal by fire and its defences were tested to destruction by the Japanese in 1942. After its capture in May, Corregidor was taken over by the Japanese and was only won back by US forces after a stiff battle in 1945. Bearing the scars of two sieges, Corregidor has a special place in the history of America . . . and the Second World War.

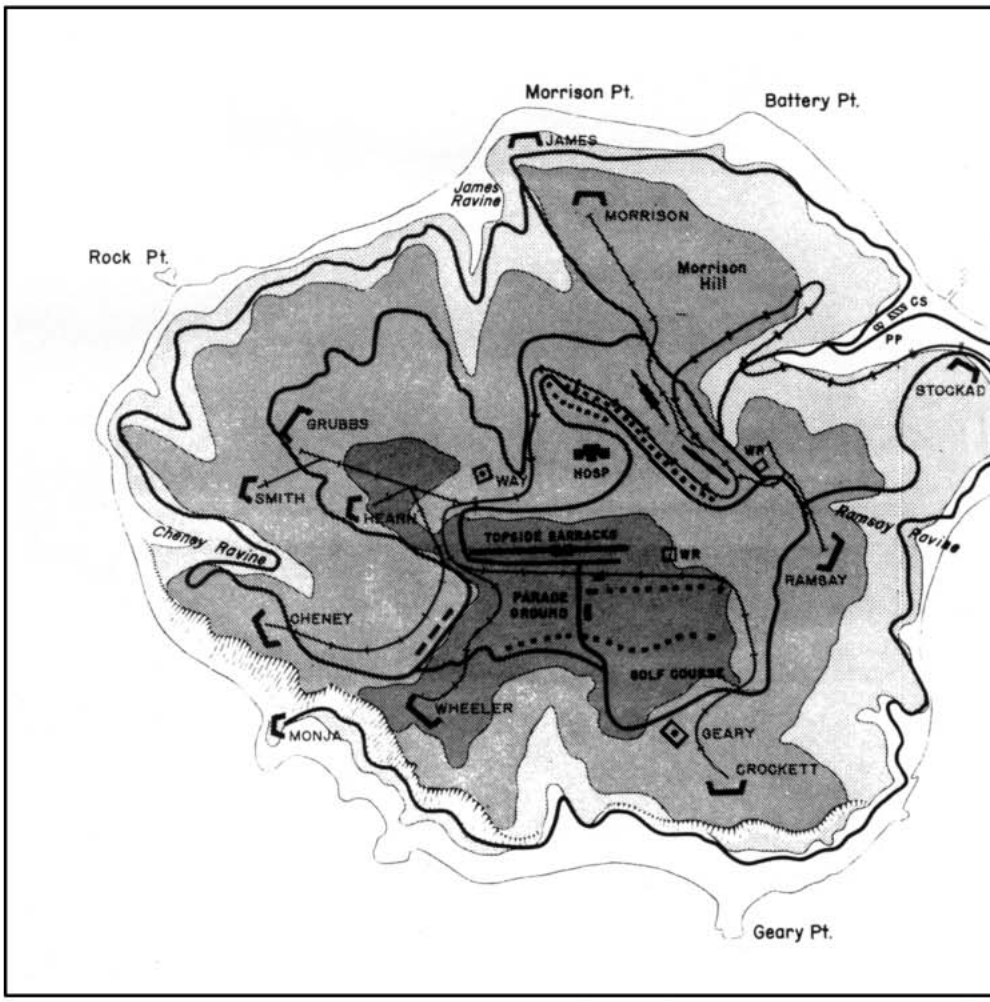


The Philippines, under Spanish rule for over three hundred years, were ceded to the United States for $20 million in the treaty which followed the ending of the Spanish-American war in 1898. The capital of the Philippine Islands, Manila, is located in the south-western corner of the main island Luzon. The huge natural harbour of Manila Bay, fifteen miles wide at its mouth, had been guarded since Spanish times by several fortified islands conveniently strung across the entrance to the bay — the largest of these being Corregidor.

After the cession of the Philippines, a vast programme designed to seal off the entrance to the bay in the time of war was begun. Corregidor, shaped like a tadpole, three and a half miles long by one and a half miles at its widest point, became Fort Mills and the adjoining islands of Caballo, El Fraile and Carabao became Forts Hughes, Drum and Frank respectively. By 1914, the task of fortifying the islands was complete, the Americans claiming that the defences of Manila were strong enough to be called 'the Gibraltar of the East'.

During the 1920s, although the construction of additional fortifications was banned by the Washington Naval Treaty of 1922, a huge tunnel complex was blasted from the solid rock of Malinta Hill. The main east-west passage was 24ft wide and 836ft long with 25 tunnels called laterals about 150ft in length branching off from each side. At the end of one of these laterals, a further complex housed an underground hospital while, on the opposite side of the main passage, another lateral led to the Navy tunnel system. Lined with reinforced concrete, with fans to provide fresh air and a double-track electric railway running along the main tunnel, Malinta Tunnel became a huge bomb-proof shelter for the headquarter's staff, workshops, personnel and stores.

The armament of Corregidor, albeit WW1 vintage, was nevertheless formidable with a total of 56 coastal guns and mortars grouped



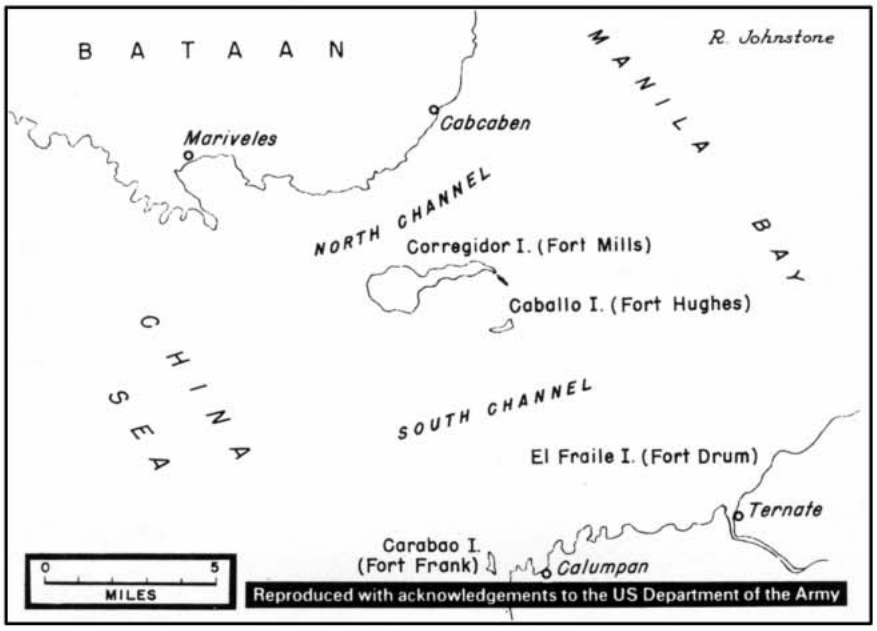
Left: **The parade ground on Corregidor with a captured Spanish naval muzzle-loader in the foreground (via David Hale).**

in 23 different batteries, each with its own name and tradition. Minefields protected the island on its northern and southern approaches and an airstrip, Kindley Landing Field, was laid down at the extreme tail of the 'tadpole'.

Of the other islands, El Fraile or Fort Drum was the most unusual. Dubbed the 'concrete battleship', the island had been razed to the waterline by US engineers who had then superimposed a reinforced concrete fort 350ft by 144ft with outer walls 25 to 36ft thick. These walls rose 40ft vertically to the top of the 'island' which was garrisoned by 200 men and was considered by all to be absolutely impregnable against any attack.

Although the pre-war strength of the four island garrisons did not exceed 6,000 men, after the attack on Pearl Harbour on December 8, 1941, these numbers were drastically increased. Overall command was in the hands of Major General George F. Moore.

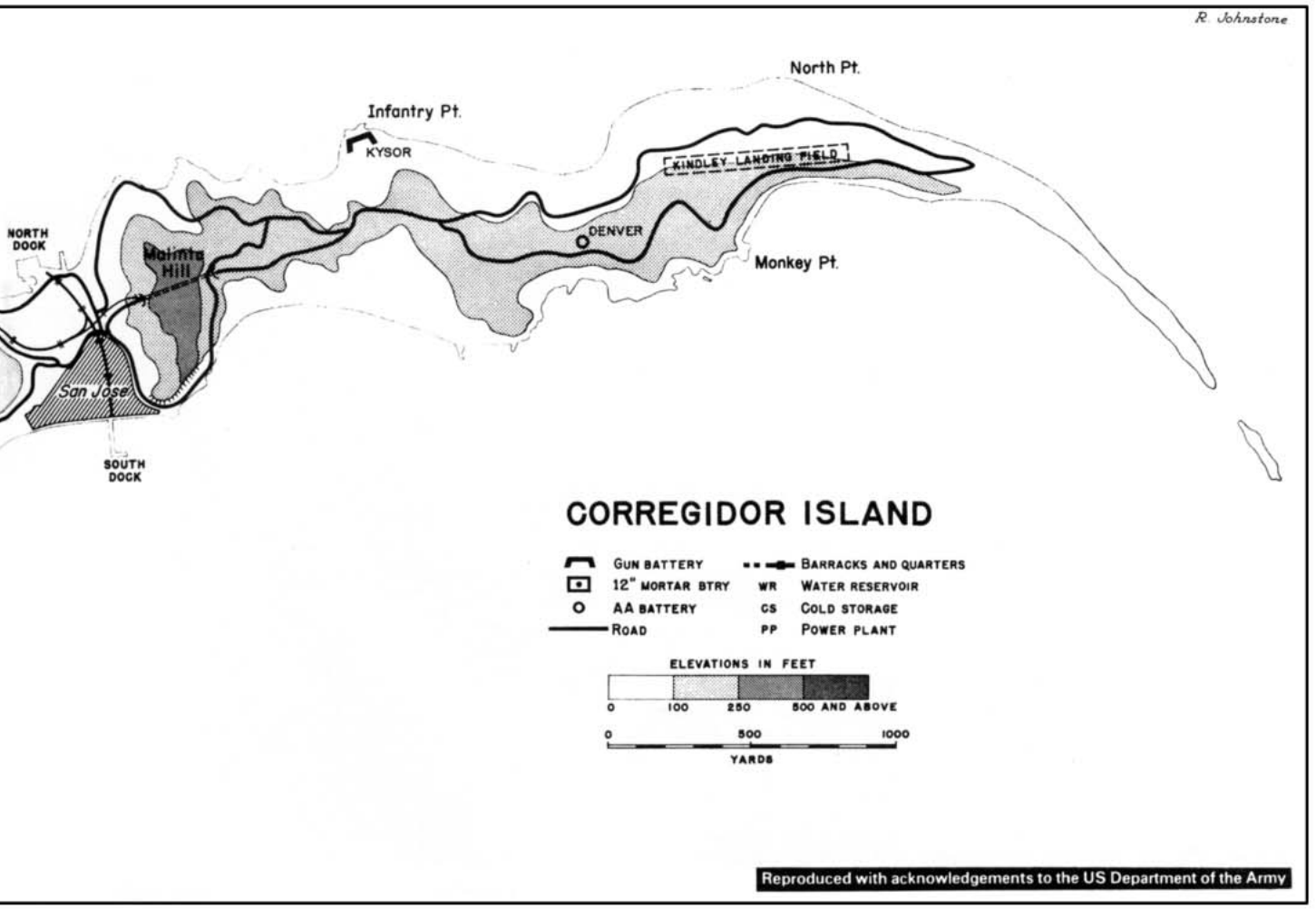
Although the first air raid warning sounded over Corregidor mid-morning on December 8 it was, like the ones that followed during the next three weeks, a false alarm. This was not because the Japanese forces under General Masaharu Homma had no interest in the Manila Bay defences but that their first task was the capture of the capital Manila itself. By the end of the month, General Douglas MacArthur's combined US-Filipino army had been pushed back across Luzon to the peninsula which forms the north-western side of Manila Bay called Bataan. The General had already transferred his headquarters to Corregidor leaving Manila an 'open city'.



Evacuation for the Americans squeezed into the Bataan peninsula was impossible in the face of superior Japanese naval and air strength as was any possibility of supply reinforcement. With their backs to the wall, MacArthur's forces had only two choices — to fight or surrender.

The first air attack was delivered on Corregidor on December 29 and, lasting two hours, marked the opening Japanese move to subjugate the island. For the next eight days, the Japanese continued to bomb Corregidor with an especially heavy attack on January 2, the day they occupied Manila. However on January 6 General Homma lost the major part of his air support, which was diverted for a pending Japanese attack in Thailand and the withdrawal of these forces gave the American defenders a breathing space to prepare for the next round.

Towards the end of January, reports reached MacArthur of Japanese artillery moving up to the coast on the southern side of Manila Bay facing Corregidor, the northern



Mitsubishi Ki-21 'Sally' bombers approach Corregidor from the Bataan peninsula in the north.

shore of Bataan still being in American hands. On February 6, the reports were confirmed when the Japanese Kondo Detachment opened fire against the fortified islands. Fort Drum was the prime target and was hit nearly 100 times during the day. Thereafter Major Toshinori Kondo took advantage of the early morning sun (which rose behind his concealed positions and was therefore in the eyes of the defenders), to launch daily barrages with his 105mm and 150mm cannons. The shelling reached its peak on February 20 when the Kondo Detachment fired steadily at one minute intervals from 9.30 a.m. until late afternoon.

Towards the end of February, the Japanese artillery barrage slackened but new forces were assembled during the first two weeks of March. General MacArthur was ordered to leave Corregidor and he departed on March 11 by motor torpedo boat and thence from Mindanao by B-17 to set up a new HQ in Australia leaving the garrison under the command of General Jonathan Wainwright. With the impending surrender of the US Army on Bataan in the face of certain annihilation, the circle was closing on Corregidor.

The Japanese artillery attack recommenced at 7.30 a.m. on March 15 with a volley from the newly-sited 240mm howitzers. Approximately 500 shells fell on Carabao (Fort Frank) and another 100 on Fort Drum. The American batteries, which had successfully kept up counter-battery fire for several weeks, began to suffer. The island forces were hampered to a large extent by their weapons, which had been mainly designed to defend the bay against naval attacks, and the majority of ammunition available was of the armour-piercing kind and unsuitable for land targets. The few instantaneously-fuzed shells that were on hand were being saved for the final assault on the islands.

Now that the Japanese could site their artillery on the heights of the Mariveles mountains in the centre of the Bataan peninsula, the island fortresses were ringed on both sides. With no likelihood of re-supply and the islands crammed with those evacuated from the mainland, even the most optimistic American estimates gave Corregidor only a few more weeks — at most six to eight — until the food supplies ran out.

Although the Japanese artillery fell silent on March 22 and night air raids began, it was the lull before the storm. General Homma, freed from his four-month campaign to subdue the American and Philippine Armies on the mainland, could give his full concentration to Corregidor. By April 9 his plans for the final assault were taking shape and reinforcements began to arrive. However the General faced one acute problem — that of assembling his landing craft in Manila Bay. They could not be brought overland and the sea route, beneath the American guns at the harbour entrance, was equally impossible. On April 14 he conducted an experiment by bringing in a few boats at night under the cover of air and artillery attacks and, although the operation proved that the method was feasible, it was not until the beginning of May that enough landing craft had been assembled in Manila Bay.

Meanwhile the Japanese guns had begun to fire from the northern shore on April 9. Three days later most of the new batteries were in position and, at 6.00 a.m. on the 12th, the shelling began in earnest. The Japanese had

USAFFE headquarters in Malinta tunnel. General Douglas MacArthur with Chief of Staff Major General Richard Sutherland on March 1, 1942 (US Army).

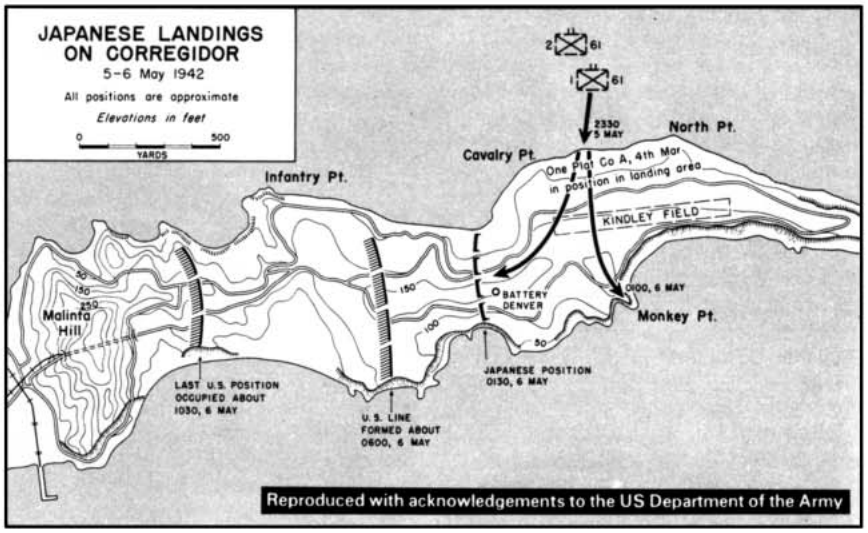
sub-divided the target area and each battery was assigned a specific zone of fire. All the guns were carefully calibrated to subject each target with bracketed fire. For the first time, the armament of Corregidor began to receive heavy and systematic attacks and, one by one, the batteries were put out of action. The shelling never really stopped. With a barrage of an intensity unknown since the First World War, every surface structure was destroyed and constant air attacks added to the carnage. The Malinta Tunnel complex provided shelter for many of the American wounded but under intolerable conditions of dirt and filth.

Throughout April the bombardment continued, even increasing in intensity at the beginning of May. Despite General Wainwright's belief that the 'tempo of the Jap shelling could not possibly be increased', on May 4 the Japanese fired a total of 16,000 shells of all calibres in a period of 24 hours. The shelling then began to take the form of a pre-assault phase bombardment with a concentration of effort on the flat, northern shore, the area most suited for a Japanese landing.

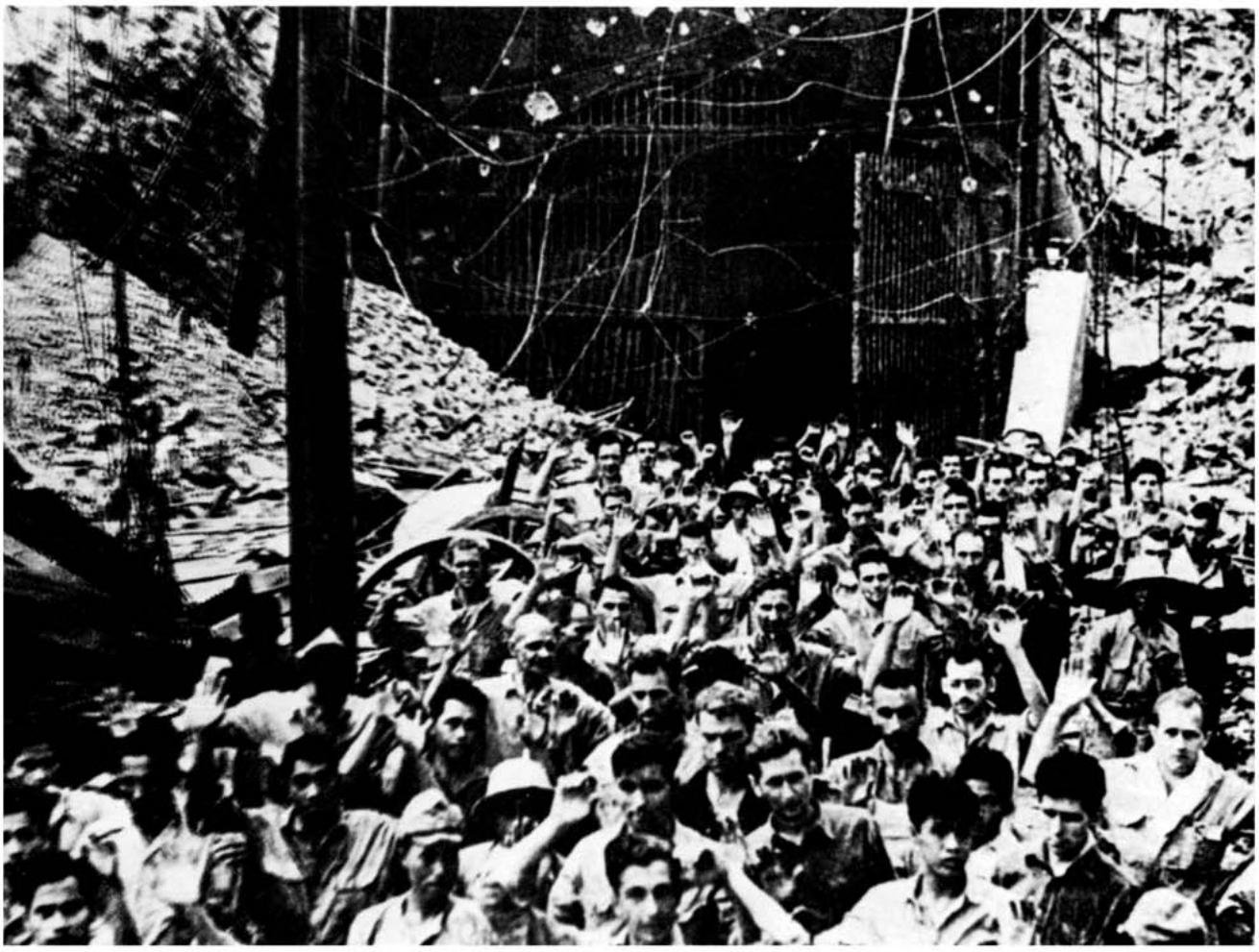
By May 5, only three 155mm guns remained in operation on Corregidor to repel the inevitable landing which came that evening at 9.00 p.m. Anti-aircraft sound locators detected the noise of a large number of motors approaching the island. Shortly before midnight the Japanese artillery fire suddenly ceased and the constant roar of heavy guns and exploding shells was replaced by the almost toy-like chatter of small-arms fire. The Japanese had landed.

In the darkness, the landing was confusing for both sides. Troops of the Japanese 1st Battalion of the 61st Infantry had come ashore near North Point at 11.10 p.m. to be followed by the 2nd Battalion three or four hours later. American resistance was stout and many landing craft were destroyed. Estimates of Japanese casualties in the first wave vary from 50 to 75 per cent with up to two-thirds of the boats damaged or sunk. One Japanese officer believed that only 800 men reached the shore out of the 2,000 who made the attempt.

However by daylight the Japanese held almost half the island and had managed to put three tanks ashore. Although the American defenders had counter-attacked and were still in possession of the main Japanese objective Malinta Hill, by 8.00 a.m. the last American reserves had been committed. When, just before 10.00 a.m., the Japanese tanks began to advance, their psychological effect on the defenders marked the end of any attempt at further concerted action. On the basis of reports reaching General Wainwright that already nearly 800 of his men had been killed and 1,000 wounded, the American commander decided that there was nothing to be gained by further resistance. At 10.30 a.m., General Wainwright ordered the broadcasting of a surrender message to the Japanese Commander and at the same time radioed his decision to President Roosevelt and General MacArthur. Corregidor had fallen.



Hands held high in surrender. American and Filipino troops emerge from Malinta tunnel on the morning of May 6 (captured Japanese photo released by the US Army in 1948).



Corregidor of Eternal Memory

BY WILLIAM H. BARTSCH

At 8.00 a.m. on Friday July 15, 1977, my young Filipino friend Rico T. Jose and I found our Philippine Navy vessel waiting for us at one of the piers at Navy Headquarters on Manila Bay. Rico, an ardent enthusiast of the Philippines campaign of 1941-42, had arranged some months before for the Navy to provide us with transport to Corregidor and the other fortified islands in Manila Bay in connection with my wish to prepare a story for *After the Battle* on war remains there today.

Curiously enough my Philippines search for war remains had a parallel with research carried out by my grandfather, a former Curator of Molluscs at the National Museum in Washington D.C., in Philippine waters during the 1920s and 1930s. This was pointed out to me by Dr. Isagani Medina, professor of Philippine history at the University of the Philippines and a noted bibliographer who, upon being introduced to me a few days earlier, inquired if I were related to Dr. Paul Bartsch. Dr. Medina had noticed the profuse entries for Dr. Bartsch in his bibliographical work on the Philippines and the name had stuck in his mind. It was with some amusement that I could tell him that Dr. Bartsch was my grandfather. Thus my trip was a return to the Philippines for the Bartsch family, although my search was for, among others, shells of war rather than of the sea!

Our water trip to Corregidor would be quick, despite the 26 miles to be covered, since it would be by a fast patrol craft of the Navy, TCS 416, today under the command of Petty Officer Second Class Rudy Aurel, with two first class Navy trainees aboard. TCS 416's configuration was remarkably similar to that of a PT boat of World War II, though at 46 feet length it was a mini version of the 77/80-foot ELCO and Higgins PT boats of wartime fame.

Zipping along the calm surface of Manila Bay at some 35 knots for our first destination, Caballo Island, I reminisced over similar high-speed motor boat trips in the bay that Lieutenant Bulkeley and his handful of PT boat crewmen had made over 35 years earlier to stem the Japanese onslaught on the Philippines. What American child during the war years has not read W. L. White's classic on these men, *They Were Expendable?*

Soon southern Bataan came into view over to our right, with the dark and brooding Mt. Bataan looming over the verdant coastal area of the peninsula. We could also now make out Corregidor Island straight ahead and tiny Caballo Island to the left. Veering slightly to make our landing at Caballo, PO2 Aurel brought us into the pier there at exactly 9.00 a.m.

CABALLO ISLAND

At Caballo, a present-day Naval Station, we were taken to the Commanding Officer of the island. Commander Gelacio M. Alvarez welcomed us warmly and offered to take us on a tour of the island which was known as Fort Hughes during the war.

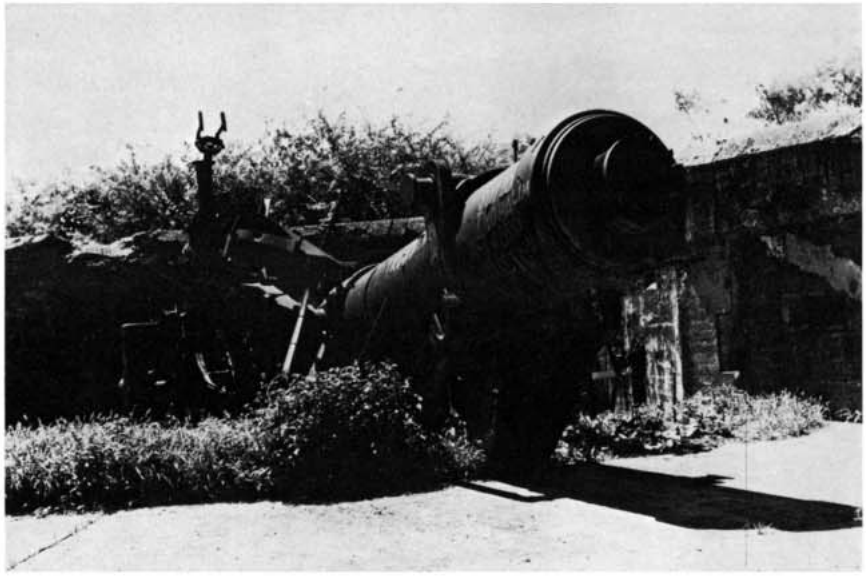
Exploring first the immediate area of the Station post at the low, flat end of the island, we first noticed a disabled 8-inch gun, partially covered by brush, lying in an emplacement behind the barracks. This must have been the site of one of the smaller batteries on the island. Then we walked over to

William Bartsch with one of the Filipino navy trainees just prior to setting out on TCS 416 for Caballo and Corregidor (Bartsch).

Battery Woodruff, still basically intact after all those years, including its magazines below the gun mount. The single 14-inch disappearing rifle of Woodruff was still on its mount, though in a different position than shown in pre-war photos. The big gun, though still complete, was quite rusted and marked by visitors.

After our inspection of Battery Woodruff, Commander Alvarez asked if we wished to see a US tank at the shoreline behind the barracks that reportedly was immobilised before it could be put into use in the March-April 1945 recapture of the island. Indeed, it turned out to be a Sherman tank, lying on the shore, heavily rusted and deteriorated, with a curious short barrel for its 75mm gun. According to Colonel Paul R. Lemasters, former Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion, 151st Infantry, 38th Division, which recaptured the island, the tank is probably the one which was abandoned when it got caught in breaking through the coral at the beach where it was landed with others on April 3, 1945 in an unsuccessful attempt to blast the Japanese defenders out of the mortar pits *(see back cover)*.

Returning to the command post of the island, we all climbed aboard a big red fire engine for a trip up to the high end of the island. Inching our way up the steep, winding road, built after the war, I kept wondering if we would be able to make it to the top! However before long we reached our



Rear view of the 14-inch disappearing rifle at Battery Woodruff today (Bartsch).

CABALLO (FORT HUGHES)

No. of batteries	*Calibre*	*No. of guns*
2	14-inch	2
1	12-inch mortar	4
1	6-inch	2
2	155-mm. GPF	3
2	3-inch	(4 AA) 6
3	SL	3
11	Total	(guns) 17
		(SL) 3

destination, Battery Gillespie, the other 14-inch battery of Fort Hughes sited at the easternmost edge of the island. Lying in a very exposed position, with a beautiful view of Corregidor and Manila Bay, the battery would have made an easy target for Japanese aircraft, yet the structure seemed not to have been bombed, its walls and gun in excellent condition. Perhaps the Japanese did not regard the battery as a threat; indeed, there is no mention in the records of Battery Gillespie firing in the campaign.

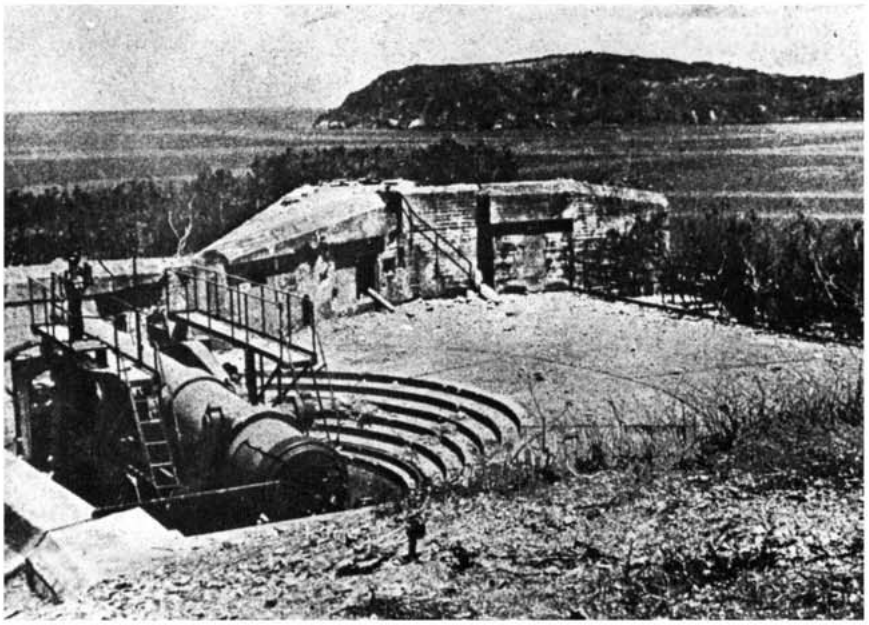
On the steeply descending return trip down the hill, I inquired about the whereabouts of Battery Craighill, the very effective emplacement of four 12-inch mortars that fired on Japanese positions on Bataan and the mainland right up to the fall of Corregidor. Commander Alvarez soon afterwards stopped the fire engine partway down the hill and we jumped out and proceeded to climb up the highest part of the island on the right side of the road. There was no path, however, and we were obliged to grab at roots and branches in pulling ourselves up the wooded incline. Reaching the top, we made our way along the thickly-wooded crest in search of the battery, but found only a small concrete observation bunker. (This apparently was the observation post for Battery Craighill, which I subsequently learned was exactly 177 steps up a now-covered stairway from the Battery).

Obviously, Craighill wasn't up here! Descending was even more difficult than climbing, my heavy camera swinging out from its strap around my neck, my feet giving way in the soft earth with roots and branches breaking off from my grip, but finally we reached the fire engine, dirt-covered, sweaty, and exhausted.

So where *was* Craighill? I was particularly keen to find it, but not if any more groping up steep hills was involved! Continuing down the topside of the island, we eventually stopped at a site where an improvised oil pipeline had been laid by the 113th Engineering Battalion in April 1945 to blast the Japanese out of their last resistance point. This turned out to lead to the tunnel that connected the two mortar pits of Battery Craighill, where my guide book indicated the Japanese were holed up. Thus by accident I had found Battery Craighill after all.

We entered the large tunnel and walked in the dark about 100 meters before reaching the first opening to the left that led to the lower of the two mortar pits, known as 'B' Pit. A roughly square enclosure, its high cement walls housing the magazines on three sides were still in good condition though chipped in places. We noticed a hole in the wall facing the entrance which Command Alvarez attributed to a Japanese shell fired from Cabcaben on Bataan that had failed to explode — fortunately for the sailors in the pit manning the mortars.

The pit area was largely overgrown with bush, but still it was no problem to spot the two mortars. One was too rusted to permit reading any inscription on its barrel, but the other was still clearly marked '12-inch No. 39 Ord. Dept. U.S. Mod. 1912' and 'Watervliet



Battery Gillespie, 1945. Topside on Corregidor in the distance (via William M. Belote).

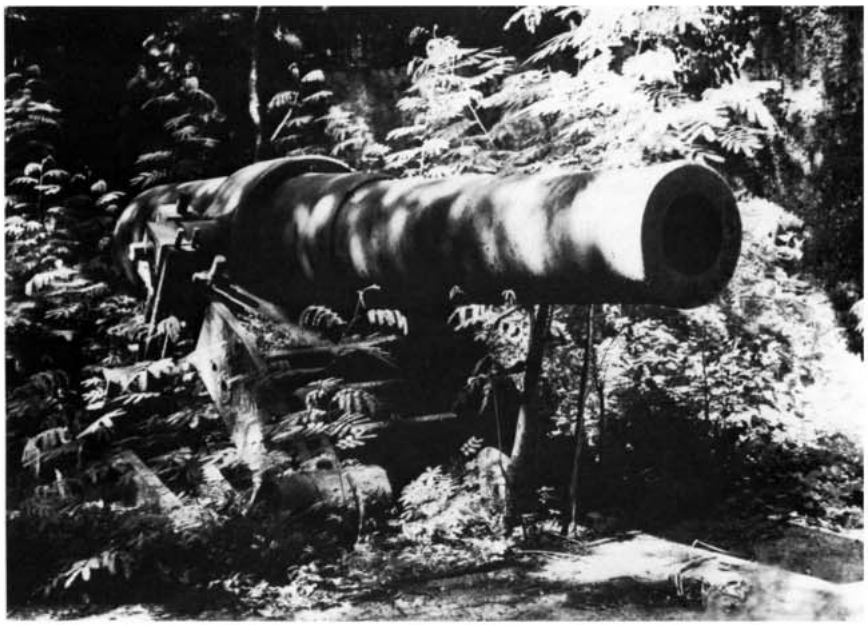
Above: **The 14-inch disappearing rifle of Battery Gillespie in 1959, photographed by Captain David Nash, US Navy (who fired Battery Craighill's mortars in 1942) with apparent work of restoration of the battery's walls taking place.** *Below:* **The gun and the concrete structure of Battery Gillespie as found by the author in July 1977 (Bartsch).**

Left: **The two M-1912 mortars of B Pit of Battery Craighill, seen probably in 1945 (via William M. Belote).** *Above:* **The same view photographed by Captain Nash in 1959. This mortar had been operated by his own crew 17 years earlier.**

Arsenal 1916'. This bit of living history matched the records we had for Craighill indicating that each pit had two 12-inch M-1912 mortars.

After photographing the mortars in 'B' Pit, we re-entered the tunnel and continued up the slightly inclining slope in the dark, avoiding holes in the floor and debris piled up on the sides. About another 100 meters, the tunnel turned left to lead into the second, upper mortar pit, known as 'A Pit'. Here, however, the area of the emplacement was about three-quarters covered with debris and cement blocks from a collapsed wall, apprently the result of the last bombardment by the Japanese of Craighill on May 6, 1942. Captain David Nash, USN (Ret.), who was Executive Officer of the USS *Mindanao* crew manning Craighill, recalls that the result was 'more damage done to us than in all previous bombings put together.' We did find one mortar still on its mount but half-buried but the other was not to be seen. This latter mortar was probably the one reported as knocked out by one of the 240mm shells fired every 2½ minutes for 2½ hours on April 24, 1942 that fell in 'A Pit'.

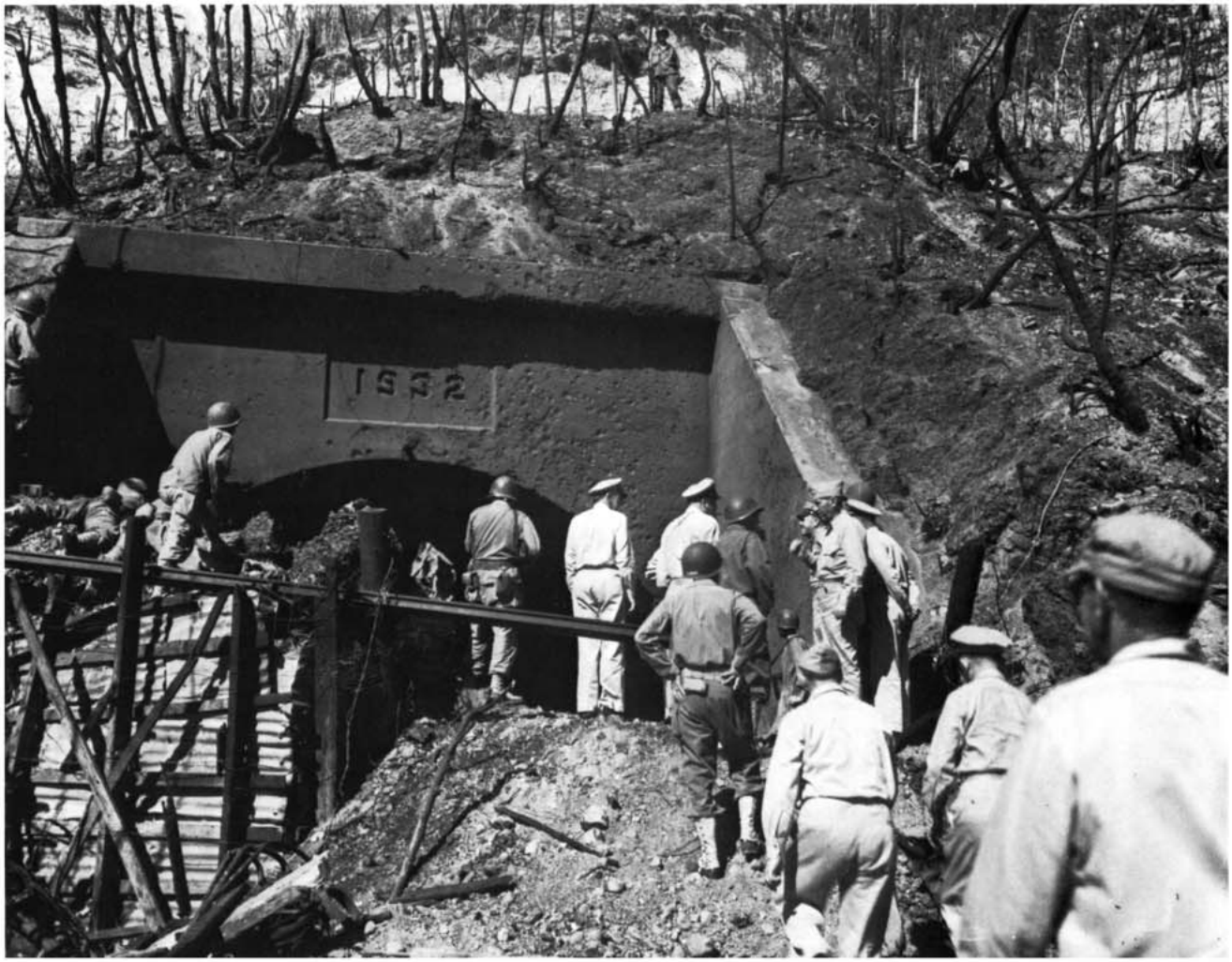
Having completed the investigation of the mortar pits, we re-entered the dark tunnel and made our way past the debris to reach the entrance again. It was into this tunnel that the four-inch improvised pipeline had carried thousands of gallons of an oil/gas mixture on April 5-7, 1945 that was ignited by the US engineers to suffocate the last Japanese holed up in the fortified tunnel and pits. The blasted condition of the tunnel can be attributed to the earlier unsuccessful efforts to dislodge the Japanese using hand grenades, heavy satchel charges, and even aerial bombs.



Above: **The M-1912 mortar of Pit B of Battery Craighill is the best-preserved example of the original four mortars of the battery today (Bartsch).**

Returning to the naval station post at 11.30 a.m., we thanked Commander Alvarez for his kindness in taking us around the island and re-boarded TCS 416 for the short trip over to Corregidor.

Above left: **Members of the 113th Engineering Battalion lay the 4-inch pipeline up to the entrance of the tunnel leading to Battery Craighill on April 5, 1945 in preparation for pumping oil/gas into the mortar pits to dislodge the stubborn Japanese defenders (US Army).** *Right:* **The entrance to Battery Craighill's tunnel today. Foliage makes an exact comparison impossible (Bartsch).**



CORREGIDOR

In ten minutes we reached South Harbor and, after making arrangements to be picked up on Sunday morning at 9.00 a.m. for the return trip to Manila, hiked up to the office of the Corregidor Memorial Officer-in-Charge. Unfortunately Colonel Sibal was not there and the sergeant in charge told us that he had not been informed of our impending visit. (We found out later, however, that a message *had* been sent by the Navy to Corregidor). Furthermore, Corregidor Inn, a rest house next to the OIC's quarters, had similarly not been informed of our arrival. We were told that while rooms were available, visitors planning to stay overnight on the island were expected to bring their own food with them! Hot, thirsty, and not having eaten anything since early morning, we were beginning to feel like we were on our own private 'Death March', but fortunately the local staff of the Inn were able to get food for us and prepare an evening meal.

From the high up position of the Corregidor Inn, looking to the south side we could see heavily wooded Malinta Hill and, at the bottom of the hill, an entrance, clearly marked in big letters 'Malinta Tunnel', an aid to uninformed tourists but in my view a sacrilege of a historic place.

Having regained our strength, Rico and I set out in the early afternoon for an inspection of Malinta Tunnel, our first destination on Corregidor. Fortunately, Rico had had the foresight to bring along a small lamp, for while the main tunnel had adequate light streaming in from each end of its 836-foot length, the laterals off each side turned out to be pitch dark.

Top: **General MacArthur returns to his former headquarters on Corregidor, March 2, 1945. Here he is seen at the partially-obstructed east entrance of Malinta Tunnel, accompanied by high-ranking officers. (US Navy/National Archives).** *Above:* **Thirty-five years later, young tourists visit the same entrance. Note the increase in foliage around the entrance since 1945 (Bartsch).**

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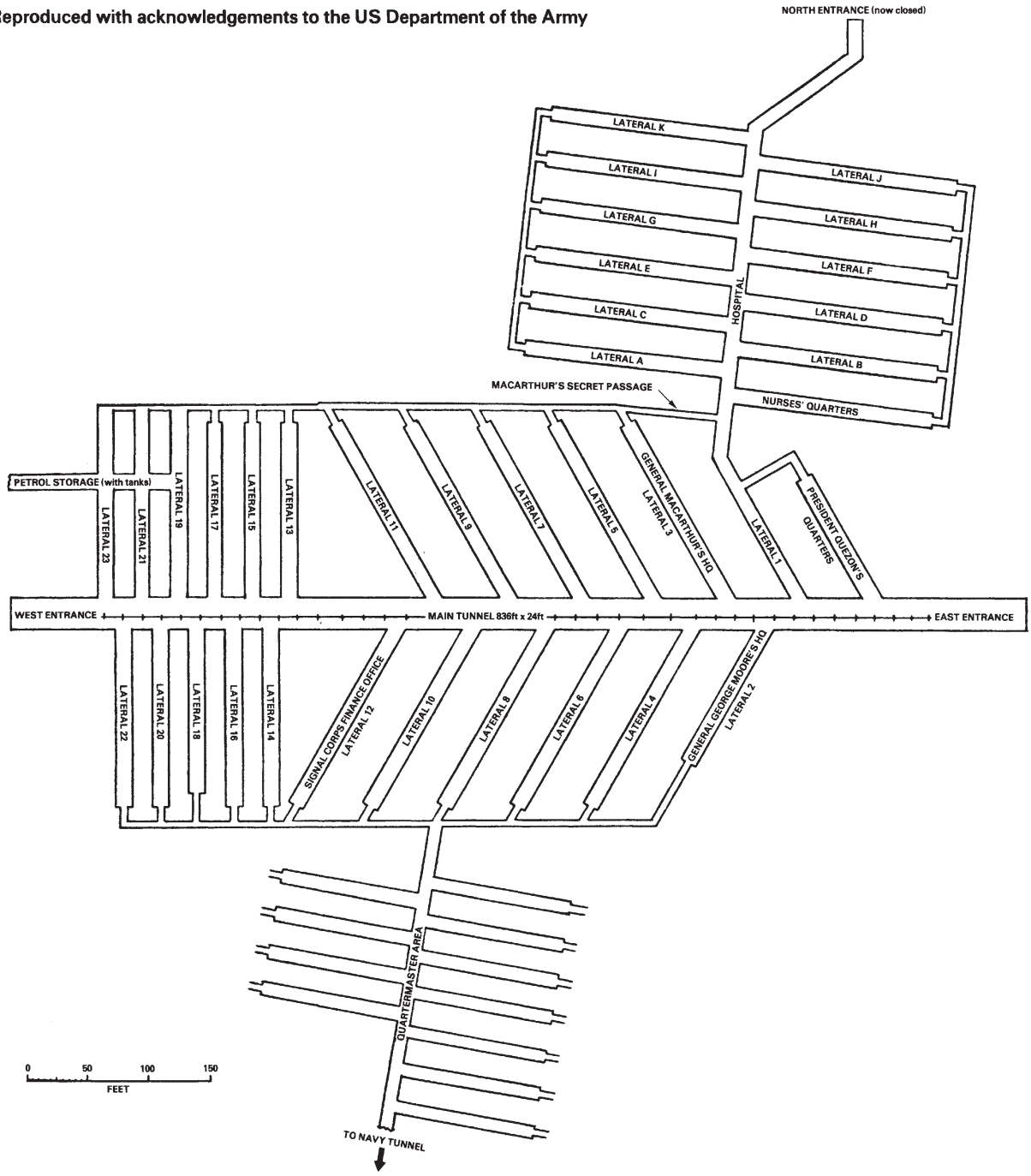


My first impression of Malinta Tunnel was how *short* it was! Somehow, one imagines it as being longer, deriving from its huge historical reputation, perhaps. It was easy to see down the whole length of the tunnel from one end to the other.

'This doesn't seem to have been a claustrophobic place to stay in during April and May 1942 — it's been exaggerated', I commented to Rico as we proceeded west to east along the length of the tunnel. Poking my nose into the first laterals running off the tunnel on each side didn't change my mind — they seemed so short, the debris blocking them after some 30 to 50 feet helping the illusion. However, as we continued to check out each lateral in going down the tunnel a second time, we noted that the renovation

Life in the Malinta Tunnel complex before the war (1939). Photograph taken by the late Master Sergeant Charles N. Coffin of Battery A, 59th Coast Artillery.

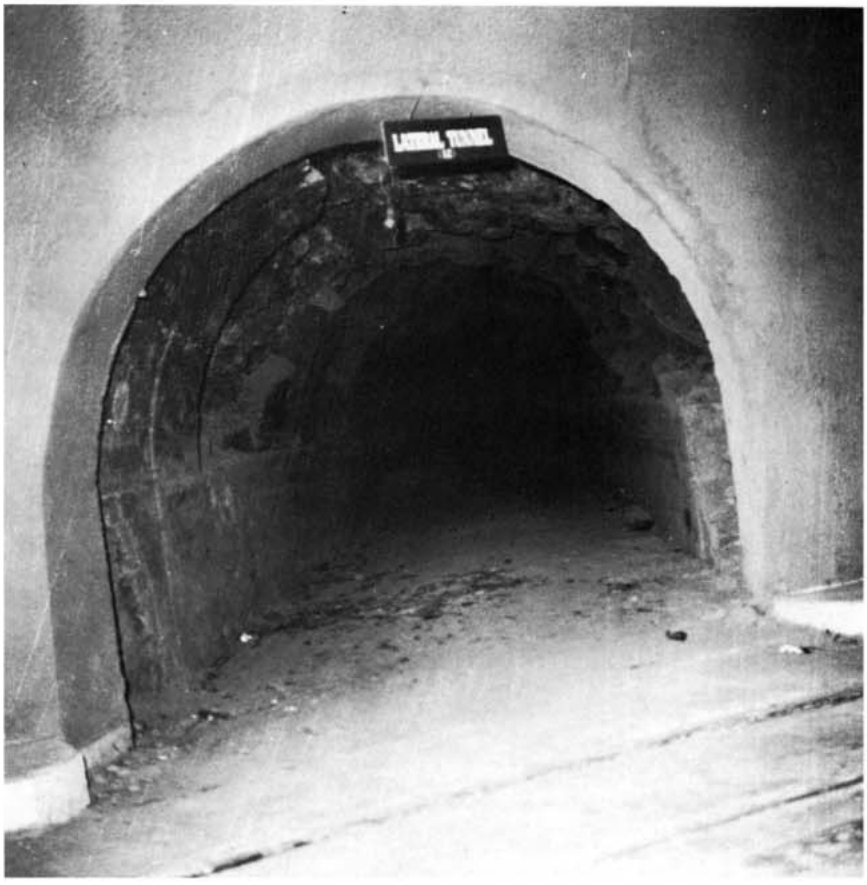
Above: **The negative of this famous photograph, taken by Major Paul Wing of the US Signal Corps on April 24, 1942 (just twelve days before the fall of Corregidor), was lost en route to the US. The last submarine to contact the garrison on May 3 picked up a print from Colonel J. R. Vance (standing with hands on hips) which was later copied by the Signal Corps. The photograph shows the Finance Office which shared Lateral No. 12 with the Signal Corps whose code machines are situated behind the screens.**

work had progressed further in the laterals towards the far, east end of the tunnel. We began exploring them hesitatingly, cautiously playing the narrow beam of Rico's lamp into the depths, for after the first 20 feet it was pitch dark. In some laterals, heavy wood supports have now been installed to prop up the ceilings and, in some cases, we found cave-ins of piles of rock . . . and what a dank smell deep inside the laterals!

Near the east end of the tunnel, we turned left into the Hospital Lateral, a tunnel in itself, with laterals going off on the left and right of it. We made our way past the Nurses Quarters on the right and 'MacArthur's Secret Passage' on the left to reach the hospital ward laterals, nine of them marked 'A' through 'I' on each side. Deep into these laterals, I really felt claustrophobic for the first time and imagined how the sick and wounded, lying on their cots along the sides of these narrow passageways, must have suffered from the aerial and artillery bombardments that shook the tunnel complex and poured dust down on them, wondering whether the roof of the tunnel would cave in on them at any moment. My imagination ran even more wild as I heard thunder outside from an afternoon storm which sounded to me like the Japanese bombings must have to the tunnelites of 1942.

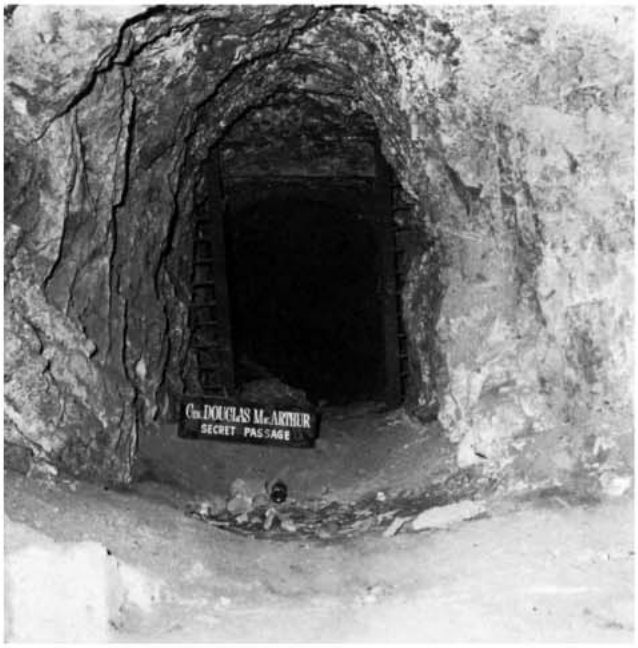
Others who have explored the Hospital Lateral in the dark and eerie silence are convinced they have heard the whispers of the dying, cries of pain, and the words 'God help me . . . please God help me' in the Lateral. Are there ghosts in the Tunnel? Some claim on rainy nights to have seen a young lady with dark hair in a bun, of small stature, with lines of sorrow and remorse etched on her face, standing near or in the surgical ward of the Hospital Lateral, crying or sobbing. Was she a surgical nurse, or is she looking for something pertaining to a doctor? To see her, one must sit waiting silently, patiently . . .

Edging along in the dark, we finally reached the end of the Hospital Lateral at the north entrance to Malinta Tunnel. Although light filtered in, the entrance was locked and closed from the outside so we retraced our steps down the 450-foot lateral until we regained the main tunnel.



Above: **When the author peered into the recently-restored Lateral 12 in July 1977, he found it difficult to imagine how so many men and so much equipment could have been sited in such a small area 35 years earlier (Bartsch).**

Following renovation work during 1975-77, one can now see completely through the 836-foot main tunnel. Even the trolley tracks have been restored (Bartsch).



Much restoration work remains to be done in General MacArthur's 'secret passage', a narrow tunnel linking up the hospital with his headquarters.

We were keen to explore General MacArthur's lateral — Lateral No. 3 — just before the Hospital Lateral when proceeding from the west entrance, but it was under restoration and only extended some 30 feet. MacArthur had maintained his USAFFE headquarters here from December 30, 1941 to March 12, 1942, occupying its whole length with his large staff. At the end of his lateral, there was a small tunnel linking up the ends of each lateral on that side, called 'MacArthur's Secret Passage', which can now only be entered from the Hospital Lateral. *(see plan of Malinta Tunnel).*

After taking my flash photos of the main tunnel and some of its laterals, I returned to the west entrance to read the two signs posted there providing information about the Tunnel. Here it is indicated that the restoration and repair of Malinta Tunnel is a 'pet project' of President Marcos (of the Phillipines), being carried out by the Bureau of Public Works. The tunnel was begun in 1922 and substantially completed by 1932, with 13 laterals on the north and 11 on the south side. It was reinforced with concrete walls, floor and overhead arches, with blowers to furnish fresh air and a double-track electric car line along the main tunnel. (Indeed, we found the tracks still running through the tunnel, one on each side). The tunnel provided bombproof shelter for, among others, a 1,000-bed hospital, shops and a vast labyrinth storehouse, besides MacArthur's headquarters and Philippine President Quezon's quarters.

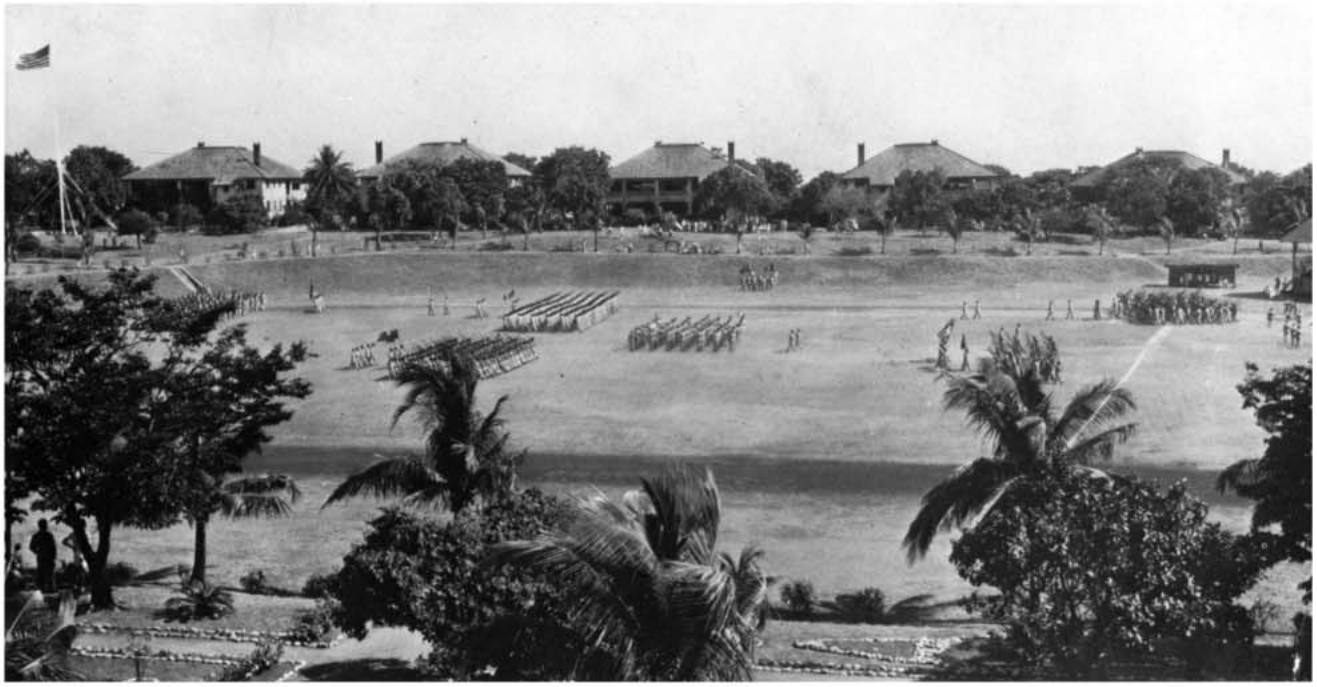
Of all the war remains I saw on Corregidor, Malinta Tunnel was the most impressive. It positively reeks of the history of those dark days of 1942. No wonder stories of ghosts in the tunnel are so prevalent. It is truly fortunate that President Marcos has the personal interest to have arranged for its restoration as a monument of the Pacific War.

That first evening on Corregidor, we looked out from our rooms at Corregidor Inn to Bataan peninsula and the distant lights of Manila Harbour, imagining how it must have been for the defenders of the fortress in the early part of the campaign to spend their evenings doing the same thing and wondering how long it would be before the Japanese, so close at hand, would launch their next attack.

Corregidor at night is beautiful, dark and silent except for the hum of the creatures of the night. A cool breeze was blowing off the bay and, high up on Topside, the Corregidor lighthouse was flashing its warning to shipping in the Bay to stay clear of its rocky shores.

In 1977, work was just beginning on Lateral No. 4 at the east end of Malinta Tunnel. The restoration of the tunnel is closely supported by the Philippine President Marcos. (Bartsch).

Lateral Ward A of the Hospital Lateral in July 1977. In this general area, some visitors claim to have heard the cries of pain of the dying in the darkness (Bartsch).



Above: **The Topside parade ground in its pre-war heyday — the historic flagpole can be seen on the left (Master Sgt. Charles Coffin).**

Above: **Topside's cinema behind the trolley station that once took Corregidor's residents down to Bottomside.** *Right:* **In July 1977, only the ruined shell remained. The trolley station has been demolished and the tracks covered over (Bartsch).**

Next morning we caught a lift with one of the Corregidor tourist buses to Topside, the highest part of the island, and thus saved ourselves what would have been a tiring hike. We got off where the bus discharges its day visitors to stroll around Topside and see the ruined structures. There I took photos of the preserved remains of the long row of Topside barracks, the Corregidor Cine, the Post Headquarters, the old flagpole where the US flag had been lowered in 1942 and raised again in 1945, and the restored Corregidor lighthouse. I had hoped to get a good comparison photo of the lighthouse from the rear to match one taken in 1945, but as this would have required climbing up a rusted iron ladder 40 feet to the top of a water tank behind the lighthouse (as the 1945 photographer had done), I chickened out!

NORTH DOCK
SAN JOSE
SOUTH DOCK
HOSPITAL
CINEMA
TOPSIDE BARRACKS
LIGHTHOUSE
POST HQ
FLAGPOLE
GOLF COURSE
PARADE GROUND
SENIOR OFFICERS' ROW QUARTERS

Left top: Master Sergeant Charles Coffin photographs men of Battery A relaxing playing baseball on the parade ground in front of Topside Barracks. *Left centre:* February 15, 1945. Paratroopers of the 503rd Paratroop Infantry RCT land on the smallest drop zone in their history during the American assault to regain Corregidor (US Signal Corps). *Left bottom:* Discarded parachutes litter the ground, the enlisted men's barracks now the command post of the 503rd RCT (US Army). *Above:* In July 1977, the gaunt barracks buildings were little changed but a concrete helipad has now been built at one end of the parade ground.

Above: Built in 1897, this was Corregidor's lighthouse before the war. *Right:* It was ruined early in 1942 during the Japanese attacks as shown in the photo taken by Pfc Morris Weiner in 1945 (US Army). *Below:* It was rebuilt and brought back into operation in August 1945 although now appears higher in these photographs taken by William Bartsch in July 1977.

CORREGIDOR (FORT MILLS)
Seacoast Artillery

No. of batteries	*Calibre*	*No. of guns*
2	12-inch mortars	10
5	12-inch guns	8
1	10-inch	2
1	8-inch	2
2	6-inch	5
8	155-mm. GPF	19
4	3-inch	10
23	Total	56

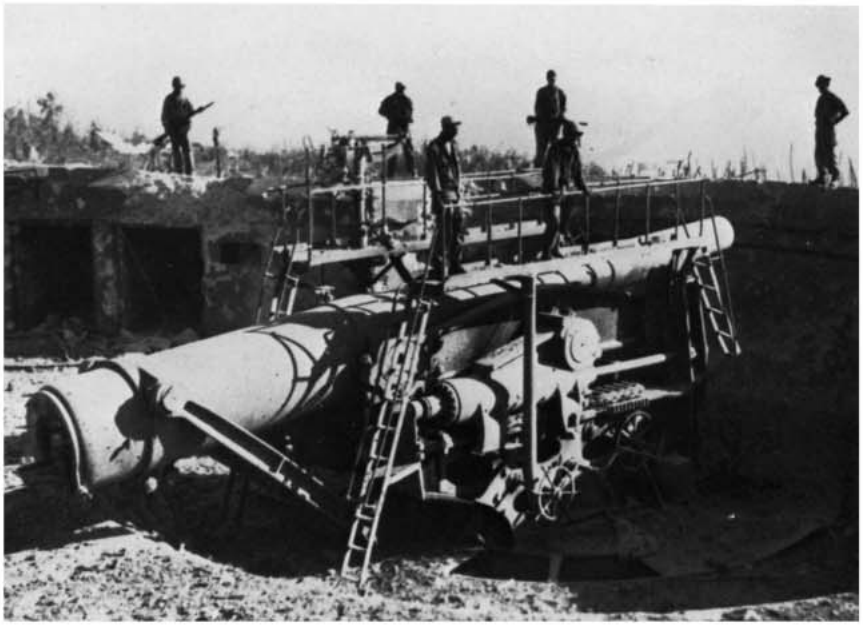
From Topside we struck out along the path that would take us to Battery Wheeler, using James H. and William M. Belote's authoritative *Corregidor: the Saga of a Fortress* (published by Harper & Row in New York 1966) as our guidebook. Pausing by the ruins of the Senior Officers Row Quarters to the left, a series of six structures, we inspected one of the buildings and were surprised to find how small each officer's living area had been.

Just before reaching Wheeler, we found a spare barrel to one of its 12-inch rifles lying beside the narrow dirt path, where it must have been left all those years ago to rust.

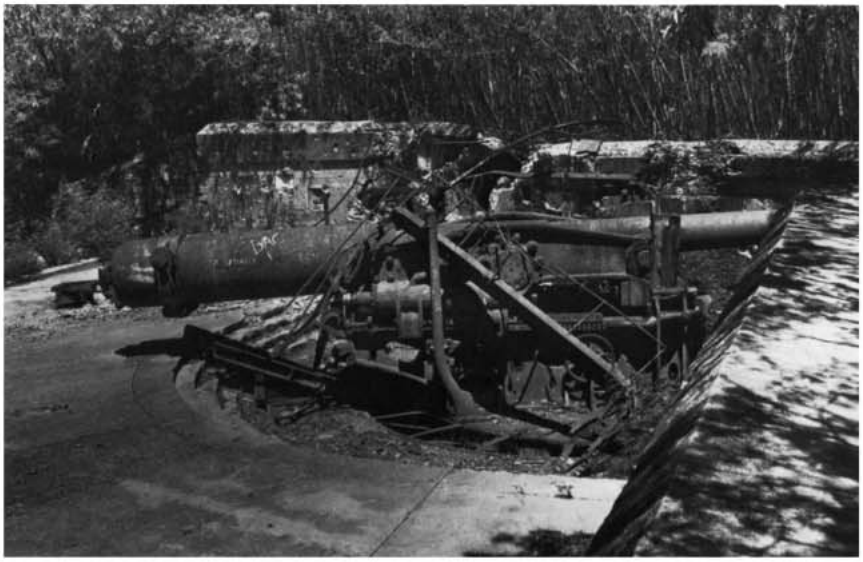
Battery Wheeler turned out to be a well-developed, two storey cement structure, with two large gun pits about 200 meters apart separated by a concrete roof, still intact. In the first pit we discovered the 12-inch disappearing gun seen in 1945 photos, though now at a different elevation and with some of its operating mechanism missing. (In operation, as described in the Belote's book, the disappearing carriage of the 12-inch guns raised the barrel above a low concrete parapet. On firing, the recoil sank the gun on its mount into position to be quickly reloaded manually under the protection of the parapet.) Another barrel of the weapon lies, heavily rusted, near the wall dividing the battery's two pits. The two barrels are marked '12 In. Model 1895 Ord Dept USA', with the mounted one 'No. 36, Watervliet Arsenal 1900' and the spare 'No. 7, Watervliet Arsenal 1903' and 'Relined 1935'.

In the second pit, the gun had been removed. This corresponds with the Battery's history, since on May 5, 1942 it was reported as having only one of its two 12-inch guns left.

Inspecting the rooms and magazines of the Battery, we were impressed with their blasted state. The many small rooms were blackened and heavily chipped and outside cement columns were broken up, some hanging by their reinforced iron bars like the almost-



These three views of the surviving 12-inch disappearing rifle of Battery Wheeler span a period of 32 years. *Above:* **US soldiers inspect the intact gun in 1945 (National Archives).**



Above: **Seventeen years later (May 25, 1962), the rifle had lost some of its supporting mechanism, including the platform (US Army).** *Below:* **Further stripping of the gun and its carriage is evident in this July 1977 photo taken by the author (Bartsch).**

severed arms of men. The heavily-damaged condition of Wheeler was not due to Japanese bombardment in 1942 but rather to US efforts to dislodge the Japanese occupants in 1945. The Japanese had converted Wheeler into a miniature fortress after its capture and inflicted heavy losses on the US attackers.

Having completed our investigation of Battery Wheeler, we decided to return to Topside to our 'refueling' point, a small snacks and drinks hut facing Fort Mills Headquarters where the tourist bus discharges its passengers twice a day. The guided tour visitors only have a two-hour visit to Corregidor and consequently miss many of the interesting sites of the fortress, including Battery Wheeler.

After a ten-minute 'lunch' of salted crackers and Royal Tru-Orange soda — time was too short for anything else — at 1.15 p.m. we set out for our next destination, Battery Geary, a short hike down the road from Topside.

Turning off to the right, we found a large demolished area, overgrown with wild grass, enclosed by a ten-foot concrete wall in a shallow 'U' shape. This was all that remained of the Battery after the center magazine blew up at 4.27 p.m. on May 2, 1942 when a Japanese 240mm shell struck the weakened magazine and exploded among 1,600 sixty-two pound powder charges. Until then the Battery had proved to be the most effective one during the 1942 siege of Corregidor with its four Model 1890 and four model 1908 12-inch mortars sited in the Battery's two pits.

Walking around the area of the Battery, we tried to relate its present condition to how it was in 1942. Rather than two separate mortar pits, we found only one large rectangular area connecting the far walls which housed the other two magazines. The center area where the center magazine had been is now only a crater, overgrown with grass and small bushes.

Above: **An unnamed GI stands beside the M-1908 mortar of Pit A of Battery Geary that was blasted under its gallery wall on May 2, 1942. Undisturbed during three years of Japanese occupation, jungle foliage had already taken hold when this picture was taken on September 16, 1945 (US Army).** *Below:* **The same mortar as found by William Bartsch in July 1977 — the two tubes are recoil cylinders. Note the mounting in the foreground.**

Above: **The author beside the only still-mounted M-1890 mortar of the four emplaced in Pit B of Battery Geary. Dense jungle growth over the past thirty years makes photography difficult in many of the Corregidor locations (Bartsch).**

On the right-hand half of the area, which was apparently the site of Pit B and its four M-1890 mortars, we found a mortar of this type still upright on its mount and, about 20 feet behind it towards the long back wall, a mortar mount but with its gun about ten feet to the side. The mounted mortar still carries on its tube the inscription: '12 In. No. 31. ORD.DEPT USA MOD. 1890 Mi. Wt. 15 TONS 29010 LBS' and 'Bethlehem 1899'. The other was similarly marked, except that it is No. 40 and weighs 29,028 lbs.

There was no sign of the other two M-1890 mortars in the pit or immediate vicinity of the Battery. (Colonel Thomas W. Davis III, USA, Ret., the Commanding Officer of Battery Geary during its ordeal of April-May 1942, has written to the author that the missing mortars were most likely 'blown to bits' in the May 2, 1942 explosion, as they were nearest the center magazine and their remains would now be scattered in the jungle growth).

Turning to investigate the left-hand side of the Battery, we noticed immediately a different type of mortar wedged under the wall at this end, the wall caved in on top of it. The two tubes on the side of the mortar barrel — 'recoil cylinders', according to Colonel Davis — matched our photo of a Model 1908 mortar. Two steel mortar mounts were still emplaced parallel to the wall. The breech of the mortar had been blasted, but we could still make out 'No. 13 ORD DEPT USA MOD OF 1908'. Rico then noted that in the long opening under the wall — which would seem to have been a gallery rather than a wall — another similar type of mortar was lying. Finally, just outside the Battery entrance, at the beginning of the path that connects it with Battery Crockett, we found a third mortar lying on its side, inscribed '12-In. No — 2 ORD DEPT USA MODEL OF 1908, Wt 18, 160 LBS Watervliet Arsenal 1908'.

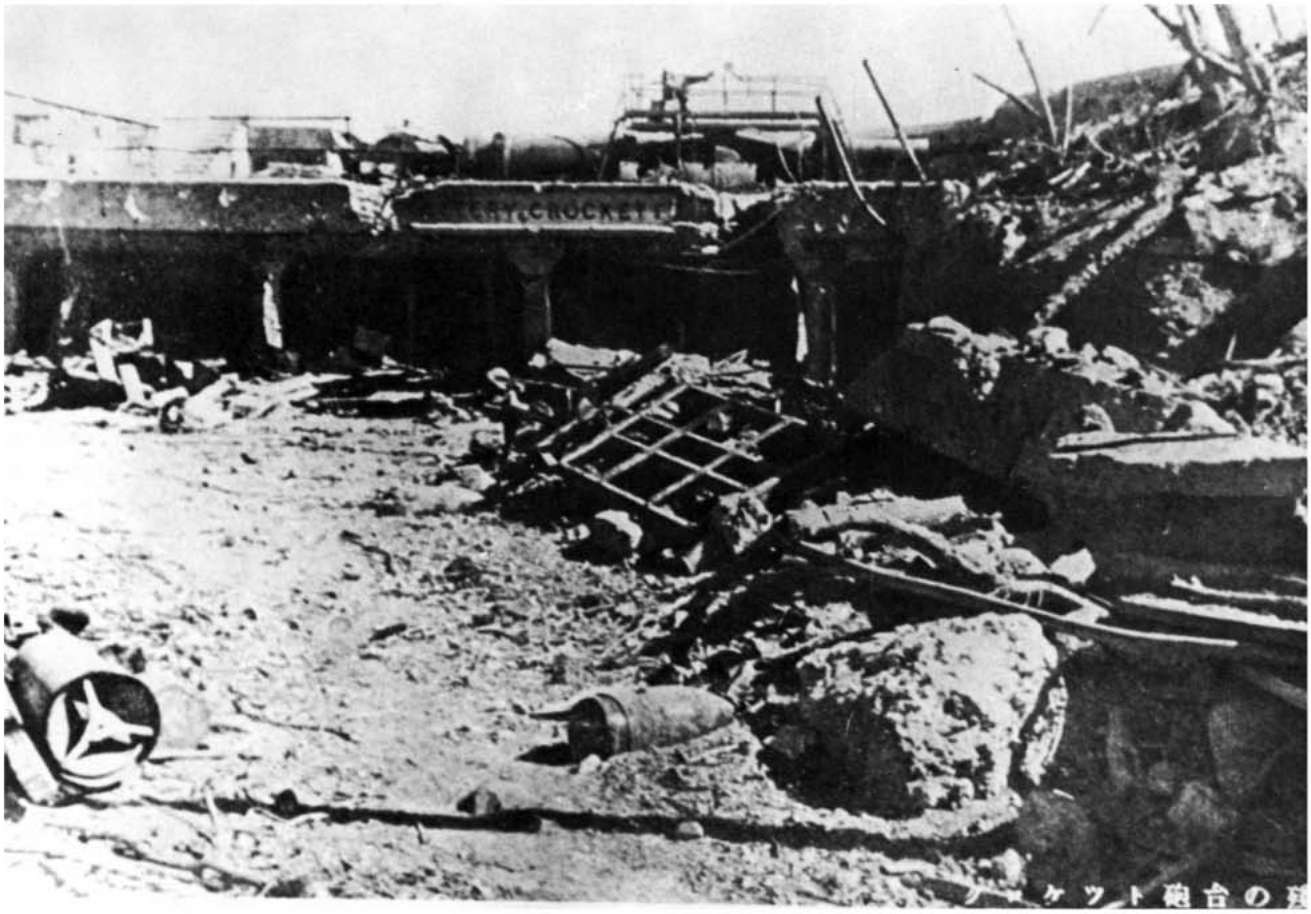
That meant that we had accounted for three of the four M-1908 mortars of Battery Geary. Where was the fourth? That must have been the one that is reported as having been blown 150 meters through the air from Pit A and landing on a golf course in the May 2 explosion. The present location of the two M-1908 mortars in the Pit A area matches the historical account of Battery Geary, as given in the Belote's book, with one big exception. In the May 2 blast, the Belotes write that two M-1908 mortars catapaulted across Pit B and ended up under the concrete gallery, collapsing it on top of them. However Colonel Davis has confirmed to the writer that the two mortars did not catapault across Pit B but rather were blasted backwards to end up under their own gallery as we find them today.

Walking along the path that leads from Geary, which has an eight-foot concrete retaining wall on the left, we found that it led to Battery Crockett only some 300 meters away. Accounts of the Battle of Corregidor do not explicitly explain that the two batteries were so closely linked.

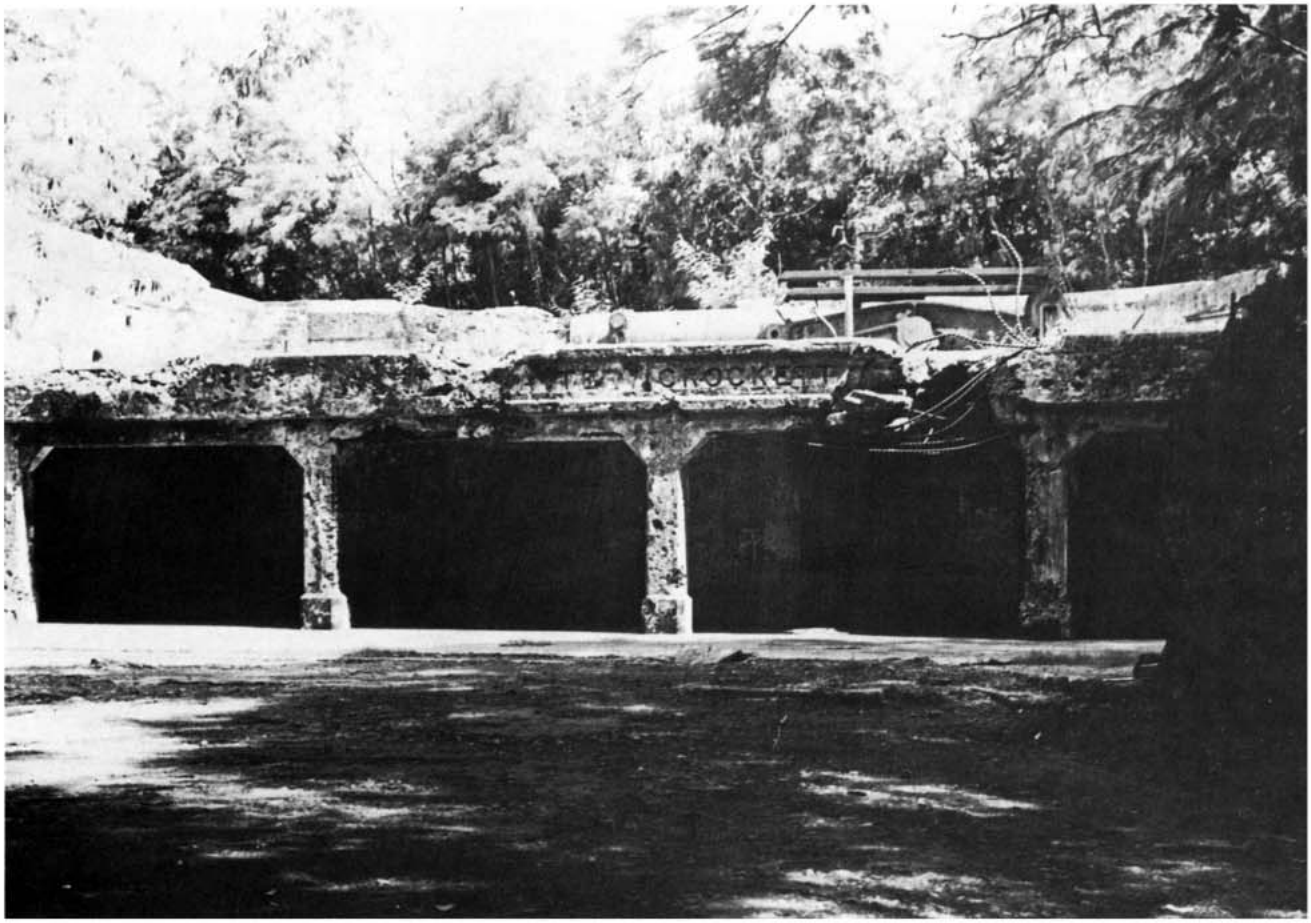
Battery Crockett proved to have a similar lay-out to that of Wheeler with a two-storey concrete structure with two 12-inch disappearing rifles in separate pits. However, Crockett is much more intact than Wheeler, not having been subjected to a fierce attempt to capture it. Nevertheless, Crockett suffered considerable damage from the devestating 240mm howitzer shells that were fired at it on April 24, 1942.

Today, both guns are still in their emplacements and there is a spare third barrel lying on the ground behind the second pit. The two guns on their mounts are marked as 12-inch model 1895s. The gun in the first pit, which is just opposite the path leading to the Battery, is a 1905 product of Bethlehem Steel Company, No. 13, and the gun in the second pit is No. 27 from Watervliet Arsenal, 1899. The former was relined in 1939 and the latter in 1938. The spare barrel was too rusted to allow any identification.

Above: **The collapsed outer gallery of Battery Geary's Pit A beside the path leading to Battery Crockett, July 1977 (Bartsch).**



Above: **The devastation to Battery Crockett, photographed by a Japanese cameraman, after its seizure on the morning of May 6, 1942.** *Below:* **William Bartsch's comparison. The top of the 'disappearing rifle' can just be seen above the inscription.**

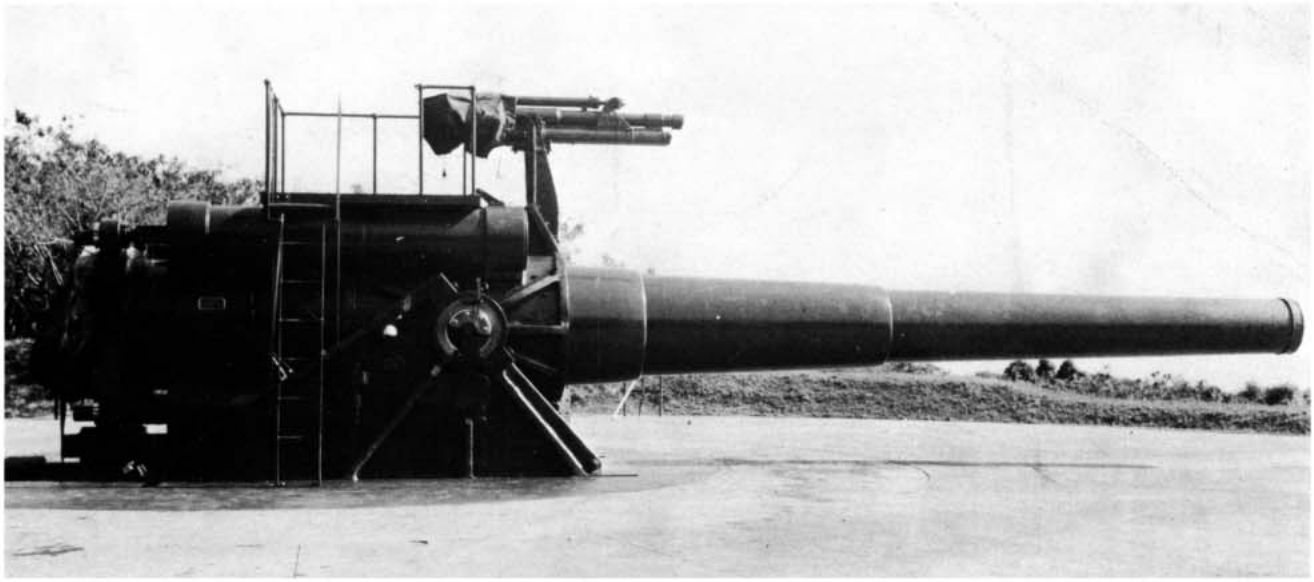


About fifteen feet behind the gun in the second pit is a big hole in the concrete floor. This is probably where one of the 240mm shells struck on April 24. Otherwise there was no noticeable structural damage to the Battery. Hurriedly finishing our investigation of Crockett, we hiked back to Topside. The sun was beginning to give way to cloud in the late afternoon, and I was anxious to photograph Batteries Hearn and Way before the light failed.

Battery Hearn's position is quite different than that of the other emplacements we had seen. It is out in the open and very exposed overlooking the South China Sea. The long-range 12-inch gun, which could traverse 360 degrees and fire a 900lb shell 26 miles, rests on a circular concrete pad, providing no shelter whatsoever for its crew. Battery Hearn proved to be of little value in the siege of Corregidor, for its flat trajectory shells were intended to oppose naval threats from the South China Sea rather than to strike Japanese batteries in defiles on Bataan. To the left of the gun are its magazines and bomb-proof tunnels, and a spare barrel lies on the ground at the entrance to the Battery. Hearn's gun is marked as a 12-inch model 1895 A2, No. 6, from Watervliet Arsenal 1899, 120,780 pounds, and relined in 1936. The spare barrel is No. 8, Watervliet Arsenal 1898, weighing 118,680 pounds, no relining indicated.

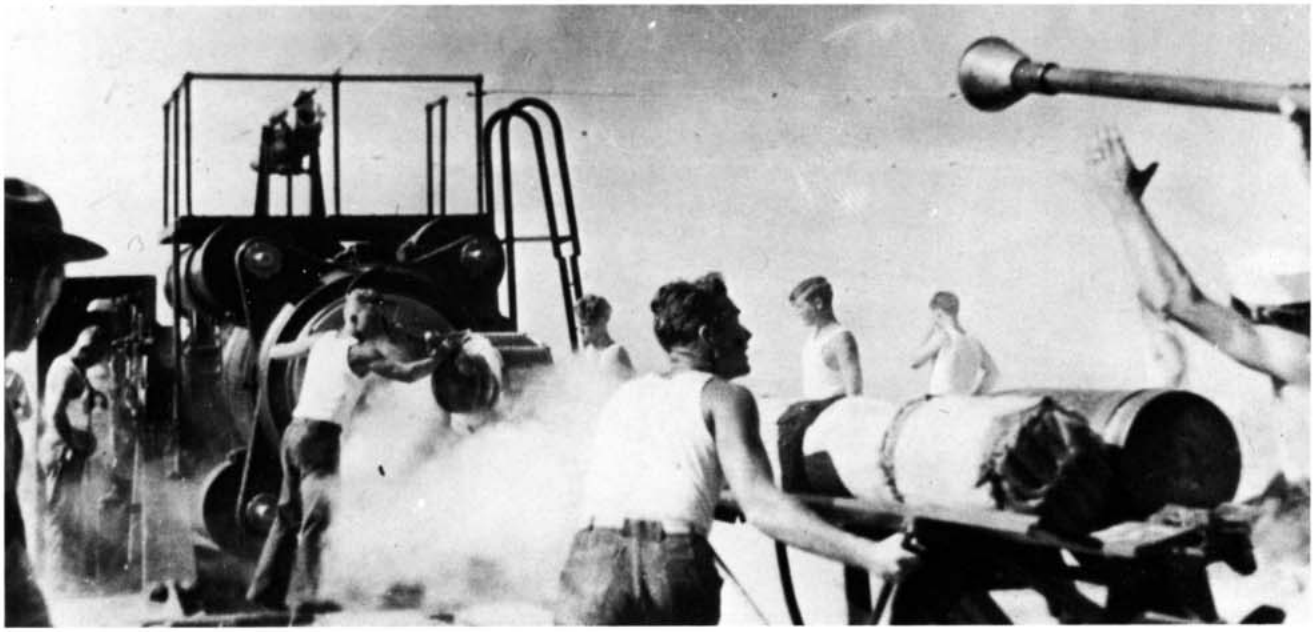
Above: **Major General William F. Marquat, pictured on February 26, 1945 looking over Battery Crockett shortly after its recapture by American forces. The spare barrel, examined by William Bartsch 32 years later, is in the background (US Army).**

Below: **The same gun in 1977. Foliage now obscures the view of the sea (Bartsch).**



Above: **The exposed nature of Battery Hearn is well illustrated in this pre-war photo by Mstr. Sgt. Charles Coffin who served with it.**

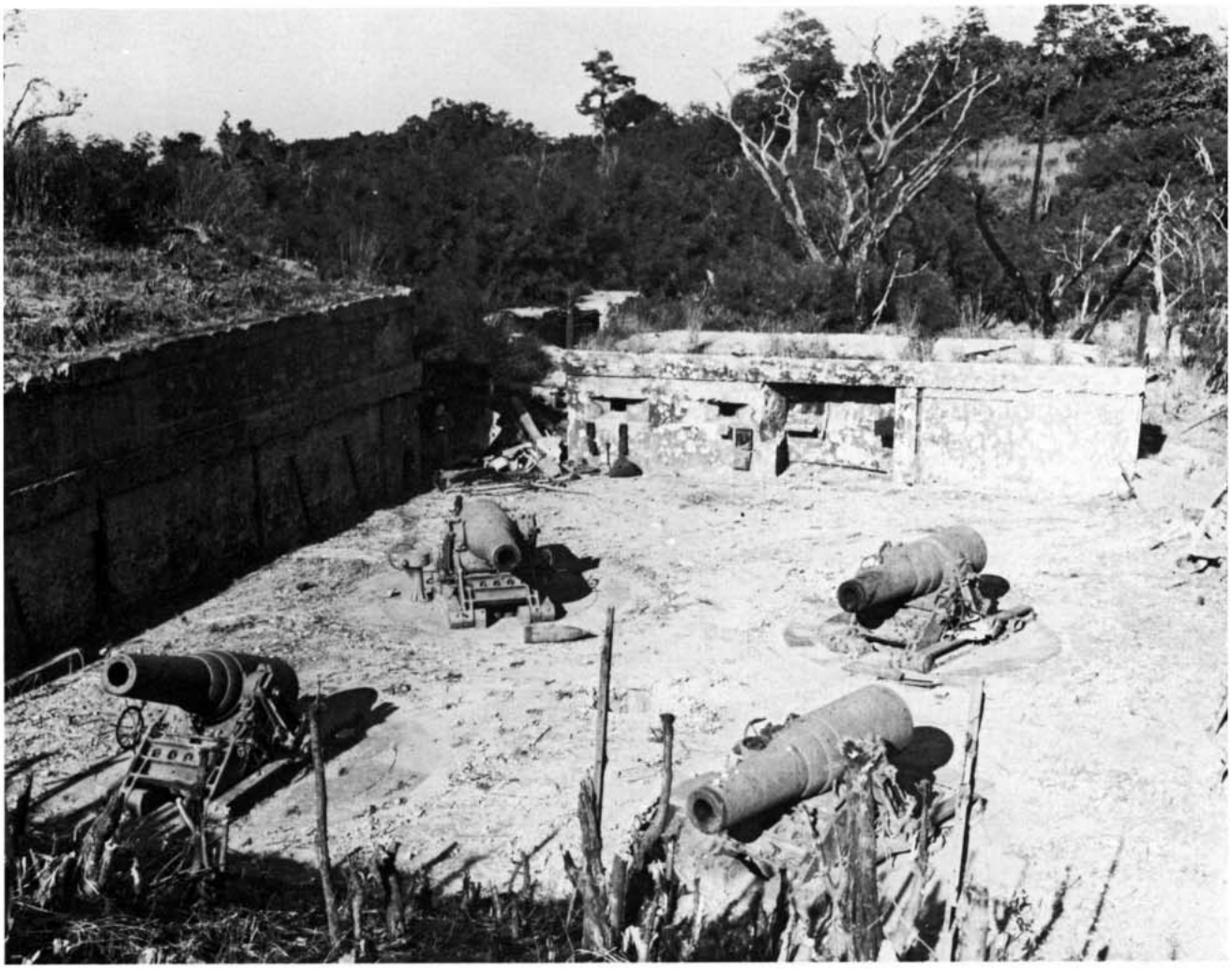
The gun on a practice shoot in 1936 — the 270lb charge and 900lb shell *photo below* **ready for re-loading (Mstr. Sgt. Charles Coffin).**



Tech. 5 Kingsley Fall of the Signal Corps photographed Battery Hearn's pock-marked gun on June 3, 1945 on its war-littered barbette.

Seventeen years later a US Navy photographer visited the gun, since cleaned up, surrounded by new trees. Note the spelling mistake.

In July 1977 the foliage was so dense that William Bartsch could only take a photograph of the battery from this angle.



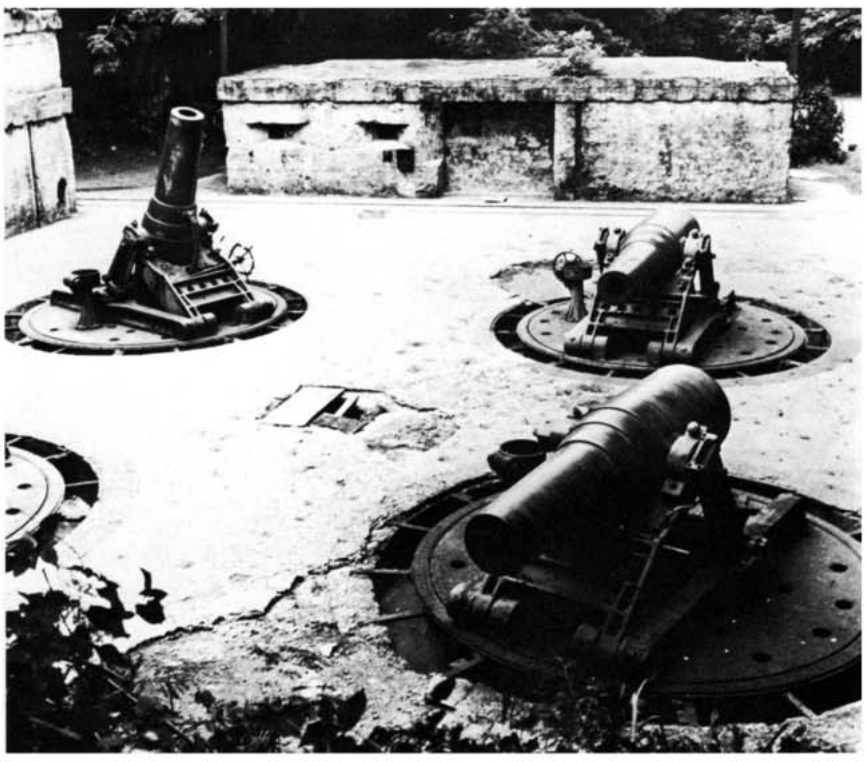
Passing quickly over to nearby Battery Way — one of the most visited batteries on Corregidor — I tried to take comparison photos to go with those I had taken in 1945. This involved one of the more strenuous experiences of the trip, climbing above and around the side of the mortar pit to reach a point in the rear where the wartime photographer had shot the four mortars in their positions. In 1945, this location had been denuded of vegetation, but now it was covered with young trees and bush that blocked the view. I spent half an hour breaking down the trees and pulling up bush, while trying to keep from sliding down the incline and, for good measure, was stung by a vicious horsefly on the left cheek. Still I had to settle for a shot of three mortars only, the fourth being blocked from view by larger trees on my left.

Scrambling around the earth cover of the battery adjoining the pit, I noticed a crater made by a Japanese shell of 1942 days between the trees. I also noticed what appeared to be an air vent coming through the earth cover.

Battery Way is one of the more renowned batteries of Corregidor. After it belatedly went into action on April 29, 1942, following its reactivation it proved, with Geary, to be the most effective counter-battery on the island. With one of its four M-1890 mortars unserviceable at the start of its operations, it lost two more in the May 2, 1942 barrage, but as

Right: **Dense foliage and trees prevented the author from moving far enough back on the high earth embankment to take an exact comparison. The two mortars knocked out in 1942 have been refurbished and cleaned up since 1945 while the unrepairable gun has now been elevated in a more dramatic pose (Bartsch).**

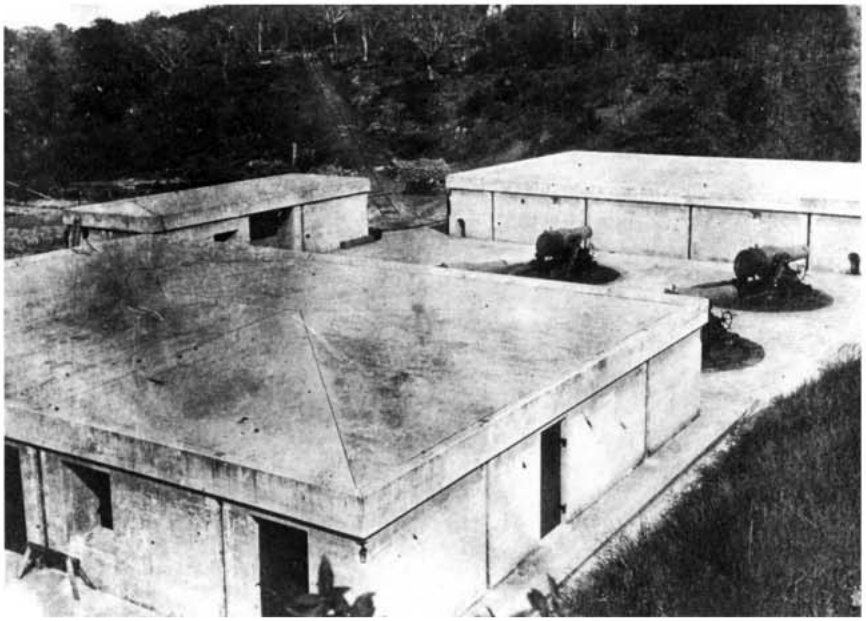
Above **Facing the entrance to Battery Way, on November 6, 1945. The two right-hand mortars were knocked out on May 2, 1942, while that in the left background is the one that was never able to be put into working form. The mortar in the left foreground is the one that was fired to the very end by Major Massello's men until its breech-block froze following a temporary cease fire (US Army).**



the last mortar could not be reached by the Japanese fire it was in action until the last day, despite casualties to Way's crews of over 70 per cent. The heroism of his men in the face of massive Japanese shelling of Battery Way during the eight days it was in operation was recorded by its Commanding Officer, Colonel (then Major) William Massello, Jr., (himself badly wounded on the last day) shortly after the war on the back of a photo sent to an old artillery friend who also survived the experience, and was used as the basis of the Belote's stirring account of the Battery's operations. 'It's just as well that I did', Colonel Massello wrote the author, 'because, after all this time I find it hard to be sure about the things that I felt I could never possibly forget'.

Daylight was now fading as we entered the winding paved road that took us downhill to Middleside and then back to Corregidor Inn on Bottomside. There was just time enough to take a few shots of the ruins of Middleside Barracks on our left, its overgrown, smashed cement shell and dangling iron reinforcement bars being all that now remains of the peacetime quarters of 8,000 men. Known as 'Mile Long Barracks' because of its extraordinary length, the three-storey concrete structure (which actually extended only 600 yards) was supposedly bomb-proof, but Japanese bombs, and later US aerial and artillery fire, proved otherwise.

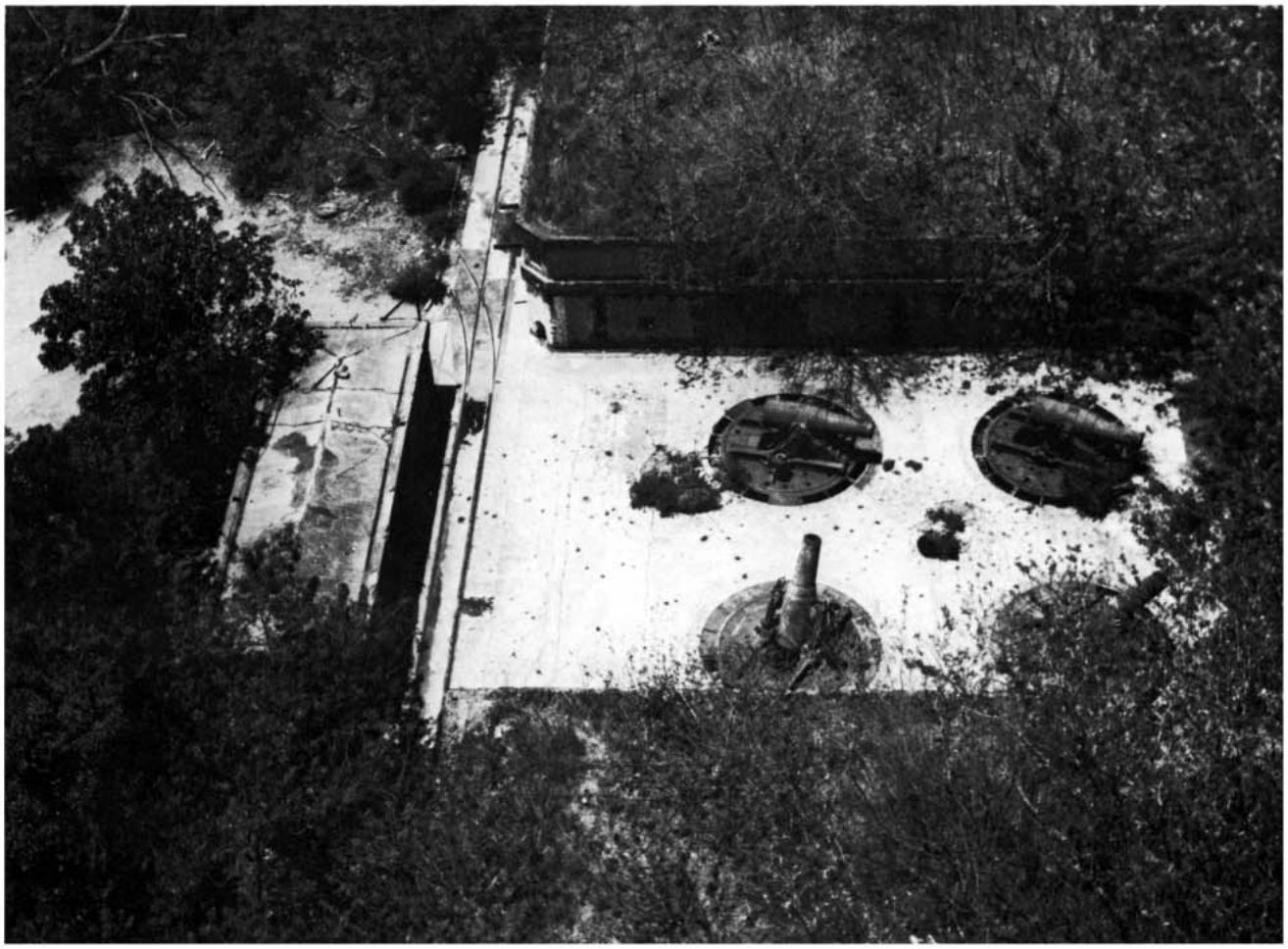
Although the sun was setting as we visited Middleside, we unfortunately or was it fortunately did not experience what some visitors have reportedly heard during their visits there at sunset. Drills are heard with the authoritative commands in English and the sounds of the men their footsteps and their rifles show that they are well-trained, but of course there is nothing to be seen, for the old parade ground on the opposite side of the barracks is overgrown with trees and foliage.



Above: **Battery Way in its original pre-war unprotected condition. The engineers had second thoughts about this and bombproofing was added (US National Archives).** *Below:* **A low-level helicopter shot, taken by Navy photographer Robinson in May 1962, gives a good illustration of the camouflaging added to the battery roof (US Army).**

Rico told me of yet another report of ghosts on Corregidor, this one related to him by the father of one of his friends. While the man was visiting one of the big batteries, reflecting on bygone days when the guns were fired in anger, his hair suddenly stood on end when he felt something touch the back of his head. He looked back but saw nothing. Rushing back to the jeep he had used to reach the battery, he sat down wordlessly and pale-faced. The driver, an army man from the island's security unit, looked at him, then started the jeep for the return trip to Bottomside. On the way back, however, he casually asked the man: 'Oh, have you experienced one of them?'

The next morning, the weather had changed for the worse, a light shower at 8.30 a.m. becoming a steady downpour from a



Above: **Another US Navy aerial photo taken by Robinson, this time showing the overgrown remains of Middleside Barracks as they appeared on May 30, 1962 (US Army).**

Below: **Fifteen years later, foliage had penetrated more deeply into Middleside Barracks but the concrete foundation was largely unchanged (Bartsch).**

El Fraile Island before US engineers were let loose on it prior to WWI (US Army).

completely overcast sky. Nevertheless we managed to visit the old Engineering Department of Corregidor, just up from the North Pier, where all engineering work was done in peacetime. A long, two-storey concrete structure, it was pockmarked from shellfire and blackened inside right up to its high, intact ceiling. Near the middle section, a concrete tank provided water for the generator.

The Navy launch, TCS 416, was due back to pick us up at 9.00 a.m. although the hotel staff felt it might not make the trip as the wind and rain was increasing in tempo, apparently the effects of a typhoon blowing in the Sibuyan Sea and heading north towards the Manila area! However my anxiety of being marooned on Corregidor was dispelled at 9.30 a.m. when the patrol boat arrived, delayed because of engine trouble rather than bad weather. A Philippine Navy captain was on board with two visitors who wanted to see Topside who would return at 11.00 a.m.

EL FRAILE

The Topside visitors returned on schedule and we set our course for El Fraile to the south-east of Corregidor. I was anxious to include the island — Fort Drum — in my itinerary as I had seen so many pre-war photos of this 'concrete battleship'. Proceeding to El Fraile, only a tiny dot in the water as seen from Corregidor, I reviewed my notes about the fort. Before World War I, US engineers had razed the tiny rock of an island to the water line and built a 20-30 foot concrete casemate around it. The Fort was armed with two battleship turrets, each with two 14-inch guns, plus two casemated 6-inch guns on both east and west side batteries. All attempts by the Japanese to neutralize the fort failed, and its guns kept firing at enemy targets in the mountains of Cavite and beyond Corregidor across the bay to Bataan until it was ordered to surrender.

Seamen First Class Reynaldo Mejia, in command of TCS 416 on this trip, maneuvered for half an hour in rough water around Fort Drum for me to get photos of it from various positions. Fortunately, the rain had let up so that I could move around on the deck. Fort Drum was smaller than I had imagined it. The guns of the turrets were a rusted red-orange colour and those in the top turret were elevated high, unlike the situation at the time of the recapture of the fort in 1945.

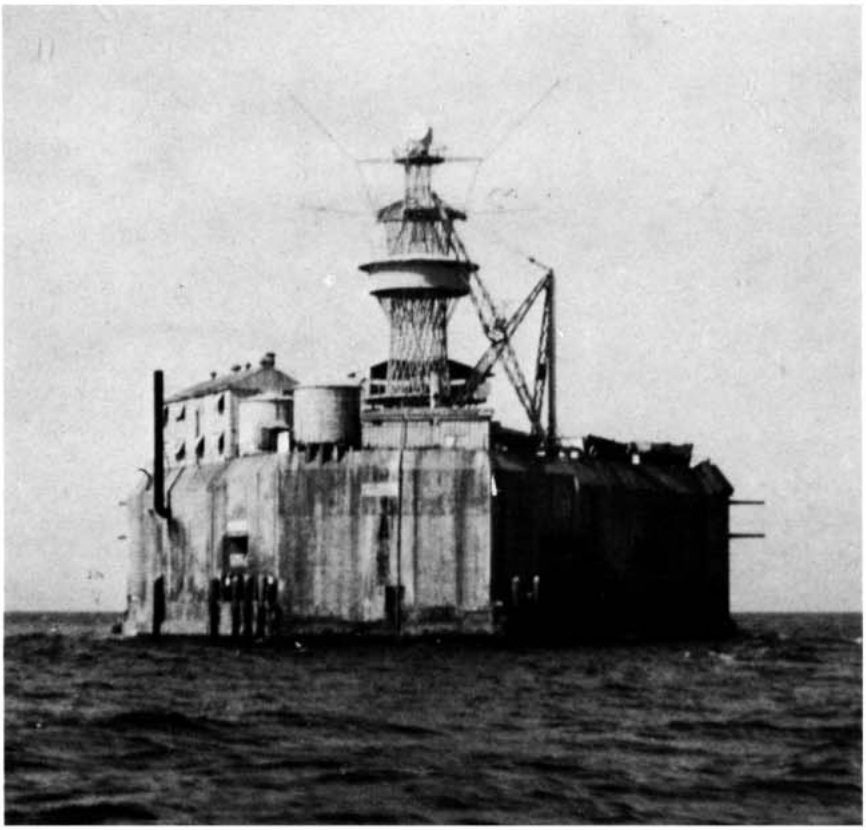
I didn't ask to go aboard the Fort as that would obviously have proved difficult. At the Inn I had heard the story of an enthusiastic US air stewardess and her boyfriend who, six months earlier, had been so keen to explore Fort Drum that they left in their *banka* early in the morning without taking Corregidor's security guard or his lantern with them, as previously arranged. On reaching Drum they proceeded to climb up and then went inside the structure. In the dark of the interior, the girl fell into a deep hole in the floor and banged her back against the side injuring herself. Fortunately the *banka* boatman had a rope with him which he lowered into the hole for the girl to pull herself up from the water. She managed to reach the top but her back was damaged and she had to be taken off on a stretcher. It's therefore understandable why Corregidor officials are worried about over-adventurous tourists!

EL FRAILE (FORT DRUM)

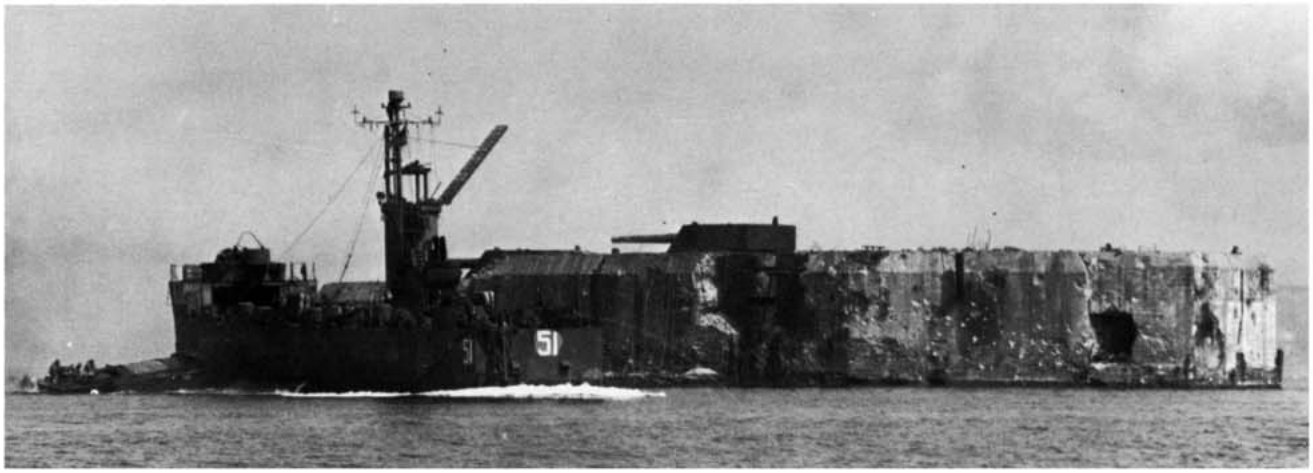
No. of batteries	*Calibre*	*No. of guns*
2	14-inch	4
2	6-inch	4
2	3-inch	(2 AA) 3
2	SL	2
—		—
8	Total	(guns) 11 (SL) 2

Apparently Fort Drum has not been spared the ravages of scavengers. The turret machinery of the big guns, which occupied three floor levels inside the fort, has been stolen, while the 6-inch guns, their metal mounts and their protective steel plate casings outside the wall were taken some time ago.

At 12.20 p.m. when I had finished my picture-taking, TCS 416 went into a high



Above: **In this 1940 shot Fort Drum, aptly nicknamed 'the concrete battleship,' is seen in its completed form, including a cage mast topped by a searchlight with a caretaker building on the stern. Another photograph from the personal album of Master Sergeant Charles Coffin kindly made available by 'our man in Washington' David Hale.**



speed run for Manila Bay. Nevertheless it still took 35 minutes to reach Philippine Navy Headquarters by which time it was raining steadily. Indeed, we had been lucky with the weather on this trip since, unknown to me, this was the typhoon season in the Philippines!

I had wanted to visit Carabao, the fourth of the fortified islands in Manila Bay, which lies some seven miles south of Corregidor just off Cavite province. Known as Fort Frank with its armament of two 14-inch disappearing rifles and eight M-1908 mortars, it too had been very active in the siege of Corregidor. However, I had been informed earlier that Fort Frank had been vandalized recently and that there was virtually nothing left to see. Scavengers had cut up and spirited away the two 14-inch, 40-ton rifles from Batteries Greer and Crofton, all eight of the 8-ton mortars from Battery Kohler, plus four 155mm guns, three anti-aircraft gun emplacements, and seven 100mm Japanese naval guns. They even stripped the island of all metal fixtures, including wires, pipes, and the entire water distillation plant! This 'irreparable loss to the historical relics of our country' in the view of the Co-ordinator of Military Memorials, was due to a failure to provide for the security and maintenance of the island; only Corregidor and Caballo are protected against such occurrences, the first designated a national shrine, the other a Philippine Navy base.

I would like to express my gratitude to the Philippine Navy for making this historical trip possible in providing transportation to and from the three forts. I am also grateful to the Commanding Officer of Caballo Naval Station, Commander Gelacio M. Alvarez, for the tour of the base. I am indebted to Colonel C. P. Sibal, Officer-in-Charge, Corregidor Memorial for his kind assistance and hospitality during my earlier visit to Corregidor in 1975. My young friend Rico T. Jose and his parents arranged my visit to Corregidor and the other fortified islands with the Navy and gave me their active support for the project. Major V. R. White of the Audio-Visual Activity section, US Army, kindly responded to my request for photos of Corregidor and the other fortified islands. For other photos of Corregidor located in obscure places, I wish to express my thanks to Professor William M. Belote of the Naval Academy. Finally, I am grateful to Captain David Nash, USN (Ret.) and to Colonel William Massello, Jr. and Colonel Thomas W. Davis III (both US Army retired) for their invaluable assistance in recreating the events experienced in 1942 and to Colonel Paul R. Lemasters (US Army retired) for his reminiscences of his service in 1945.

CARABAO (FORT FRANK)

No. of batteries	*Calibre*	*No. of guns*
2	14-inch	2
1	12-inch mortar	8
1	3-inch	(AA) 4
1	155-mm. GPF	4
1	75-mm. (beach defence)	3
2	SL	2
8	Total	(guns) 21 (SL) 2

Above: **On April 13, 1945, a LSM containing engineers of the 113rd Engineer Battalion approaches Japanese-held Fort Drum. Note that the cage mast and caretaker buildings have all been demolished (US Army). See back cover for William Bartsch's comparison.**

Above: **The engineers on top of the fort. The casemate of the twin 6-inch gun shows the effects of point-blank shelling by USS Quincy.** *Below:* **To flush out the Japanese defenders, engineers pumped 3,200 gallons of a gas/oil mixture inside the fort and ignited it with a 600lb charge of TNT (US Army).**

AFTER THE BATTLE

WAR FILMS

MACARTHUR

BY LARRY H. SUID

Until *Patton* in 1970 *(see After the Battle No. 7)*, military biography had not enjoyed any special status as a subject for film-makers. Hollywood had produced *Sergeant York, God is my Co-Pilot* (the story of Robert Scott's adventures in the Flying Tigers), *Above and Beyond* (the story of Paul Tibbets' direction of the atomic bomb attacks against Japan), *The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell* and *The Outsider* (the story of Ira Hayes, one of the flag-raisers on Iwo Jima) among others. None, however, received the critical and financial rewards that *Patton* achieved.

Given Hollywood's habit of trying to repeat its successes, *Patton* might have quickly spawned biographies of other American generals. However, although *Patton* became the most profitable war film ever made, *Tora! Tora! Tora!* released the same year proved an artistic and financial disaster and, with the United States still embroiled in the Vietnam War, the film industry was reluctant to use the military as a subject for major productions.

On his part, Frank McCarthy (a retired Brigadier General Staff and Military Secretary to General of the Army, George C. Marshall, American Chief of Staff during World War II), the producer of *Patton*, hesitated to undertake another military biography, fearing it might seem 'self-imitative'. He decided to begin work on *MacArthur* only after coming across a comment from General Robert Eichelberger, who had fought under MacArthur but had not liked him very much. According to Eichelberger, if George Patton had served under General MacArthur, instead of the more modest Eisenhower, he would have emerged from World War II as the unknown soldier!

McCarthy decided that if MacArthur's love of publicity, his ego and his great military successes could overshadow Patton's similar dramatic qualities, then MacArthur's film biography could be even better than the producer's first box office hit. Apart from MacArthur's battlefield achievements, McCarthy also noted that 'every woman was in love with him and, eventually, when he was relieved in Korea for insubordination which you ordinarily would think was a disgraceful thing, he came home and got the biggest hero's welcome that anybody ever had'.

By September 1972, the producer had taken the first step to bring his new subject to the screen. He reached an agreement with Richard Zanuck and David Brown and their newly formed independent company to make the film in association with Universal Studios. In announcing the project, Zanuck (who had been in charge of production at Twentieth Century Fox when the studio made *Patton*) said that the film was a 'long-range project', which he hoped to have under way within a year.

In the beginning, in an attempt to make the film totally accurate pictorially, McCarthy and key members of the production staff embarked on a Pacific and Far East scouting tour to look over the locations where many of the events in MacArthur's life actually occurred. Additionally, it was hoped that help would be forthcoming from South Korea and the Philippines where the armies still used WWII equipment. However, when McCarthy presented the budget to Universal, the company said the eight million dollars cost, without figuring in a cast, was too much. Studio officials did not want to spend that kind of money on a complicated picture which could easily have gone over the budget. McCarthy was to later attribute much of the film's visual problems to the lack of money to recreate the battle sequences adequately. Unlike *Patton*, which used the Spanish Army and its equipment to stage Patton's campaigns in North Africa and Europe, *MacArthur* had to essentially make do with old combat footage for the battle scenes of MacArthur's island-hopping campaign in the Pacific, the landing at Inchon and the land battles in Korea.

Top: **General Douglas MacArthur receives a hero's welcome in New York City filmed on the Universal Studio back lot.**

Above: **Japanese aircraft straffing troops at Corregidor, appropriately filmed at Fort MacArthur in California. Small explosive charges are placed on the ground and covered with dirt. When the plane zooms over, the charges are detonated — timing is the key for this effect although explosions are usually overdone in most war films.** *Below:* **To obtain an authentic-looking blast, stuntmen sit on a small platform over a pneumatic air bag inflated to 1,800psi of compressed air. A small concealed charge is exploded causing the bag to rupture which propels the stuntmen ten to fifteen feet into the air. Padding is worn under the uniforms to minimise injuries.**

With the restriction on the budget, the decision had to be made to scale the film down and make *MacArthur* entirely in the United States and locations were chosen mostly in California. Fort MacArthur was used for the Corregidor and 1942 Philippine scenes and Malinta tunnel, for example, was recreated by using an old trolly car tunnel near Los Angeles. The battle scenes, showing the Philippines in 1944 and Korea, were filmed at Camp Pendleton, the US Marine Corps Training Center. The producer did have the use of a few Marines and their landing craft to film MacArthur's return to the Philippines, staging the sequence on the beach at Coronado, California, close to the famous resort hotel across the harbor from San Diego. (The same beach was also used for the Marine landings in *Guadalcanal Diary* filmed in 1942.) The only authentic locations used were for the Japanese surrender scene (on September 2, 1945 in Tokyo Bay) aboard the USS *Missouri,* now tied up at Bremerton, Washington and the farewell scene at the US Military Academy at West Point in New York State. As a result of such limitations, McCarthy was not able to carry out his hope of creating 'a great canvas in the background' in front of which his subject could perform, as the producer had been able to do in *Patton.*

Both McCarthy and his director Joseph Sargent intended to show MacArthur with all his warts and the Army had approved a script which showed the General's character flaws as well as his positive achievements. According to Sargent, 'our intent was to do as complex a portrait of this very complex man as we could get away with legally'. Since MacArthur's wife would have nothing to do with the production, the film-makers could only deal with the general's public career and with the bits and pieces of his life already known — those which had already been used in creating his heroic image. Sargent said that apart from characterizing MacArthur's military achievements, he wanted to show in the film how the general's image was 'put together with great care and great expertise' by the Army's public relations apparatus. Sargent said he was faced with the problem of creating a portrait that did not simply repeat this characterization, one that did not become another plastic glorification of the man. The director pointed out that this image had resulted from the legitimate need to have a major hero in the Pacific in World War II.

General MacArthur was, of course, a consumate egomaniac. He regularly had his staff send back to the United States films of his exploits for exhibition in the nation's theatres. Among other things, the General wanted to give the impression he was the first American on every beach. In one instance, the Army Signal Corps submitted to the Office of War Information for possible release to commercial theatres, a thirty-minute film portraying the invasion of New Guinea. An OWI official recalled: 'Though a full-length portrait of MacArthur was not shown wading ashore, his figure in profile or his hat or pipe was shown in all three landings' which had taken place simultaneously. The official speculated that perhaps the film was meant to suggest that MacArthur had been 'there in spirit if not in person'.

(*MacArthur* does attempt to convey such public relations efforts on the General's behalf. In addition to scenes of the staff looking at public relations footage intended for the home-front, the film details the PR operations surrounding MacArthur's return to the Philippines, showing how the cameramen and sound equipment were carefully placed to record his 'I have returned', not 'we have returned' even though an American fleet and landing force surround him.)

Universal's first announcement, on Sep-

Above left: **Gregory Peck with Ivan Bonar (portraying General Sutherland) in 'Malinta Tunnel' Los Angeles!** *Right:* **MacArthur watches the burning of US money outside the tunnel entrance.**

tember 6, 1972, that *MacArthur* would be brought to the screen touched off a world-wide search in which scores of established stars were suggested for the role of the General. From the beginning, however, only Sir Lawrence Olivier and Gregory Peck were seriously considered by Frank McCarthy and Joseph Sargent for the star role. Although he went to England to discuss the part with Olivier, McCarthy said that he did not believe he could have cast an Englishman as one of the great American heroes of all time. On his part, Peck liked the script and readily signed the contract. According to Sargent, the problems with the film began at that point.

The director said that Peck had almost always played an 'adorable' leading man, a 'beautiful' good guy. As a result, Sargent said, Peck found it difficult to shed this stereotype and create a different characterization (ironically something he decided to do in the recently-released *Boys From Brazil*). Faced with a 'deep psychological problem', Sargent said that Peck began to object, in the guise of being fair to MacArthur, to certain negative aspects of the script. The more he came to like the General and to understand him, the less Peck was willing to portray his warts and character flaws. He went so far as to refuse to be made up to look like the 82-year-old MacArthur in the scene depicting his final appearance at West Point in 1962 when he passionately and movingly spoke about the Long Gray Line, duty, honor and country to the assembled cadets. As a result, audiences found it difficult to forget they were watching Gregory Peck play Douglas MacArthur.

Despite the problems he had in directing Peck because of his empathy with his character, Sargent was relatively successful in recreating the few scenes done on location and in the meetings between MacArthur and historical figures. The 1962 farewell address itself does manage to convey the emotion of the event because of its setting at West Point. Likewise, the Japanese surrender aboard the *Missouri* had a visual authenticity, a documentary feeling and, in the General's meetings with Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, dramatic license facilitates the sharp confrontations and clarifies the personalities and issues. As a result, the scenes do come alive through the interactions of Peck, with the 'look-alikes' Dan O'Herlihy (Franklin D. Roosevelt) and Ed Flanders (Harry S. Truman).

To some extent the failure to fully develop MacArthur's personality or provide insights into his actions is perhaps understandable. Part of the problem was that many people still remembered MacArthur vividly; he had been visible for a longer time than had Patton. MacArthur had generated more publicity, had had a longer career, had been on television and had died only thirteen years before his biography was filmed.

Also, MacArthur's long career spanned fifty-two years, the longest in American military annals. According to Hal Barwood he and his co-screenwriter, Matthew Robbins, 'faced an enormous task in narrowing his life to the confines of a feature film'. By deciding to open the movie with MacArthur's departure from Corregidor under Japanese fire in 1942 and end it with his dismissal by President Truman in 1951, the writers did focus on the General's greatest years. *Patton*, on the other hand, dealt with less than three years of George Patton's career and so the film could explore the ambiguities in his personality at some length. In contrast, Barwood and Robbins could only suggest the complexities in MacArthur's personality. Perhaps an actor with George Scott's range and ability could have added his reading of MacArthur's life to the script to provide a complex picture of the General but Gregory Peck simply did not get inside MacArthur; he spoke his lines rather than lived them. Where Scott became Patton both mentally and physically, Peck could not merge himself with MacArthur.

If Gregory Peck had portrayed MacArthur as well as George Scott had portrayed Patton, the lack of realistic combat sequences would have been less noticable and less distracting and the usual crop of errors would have been more bearable. MacArthur's return to the Philippines was made on Leyte Beach, not Luzon as portrayed on the screen. The

July 26, 1944. The meeting with President Roosevelt (played realistically by Dan O'Herlihy) aboard the USS Baltimore at Pearl Harbour recreated at San Diego.

I HAVE RETURNED . . . Filmed at Coronado Beach, California. The real MacArthur made three such 'symbolic' landings.

SURRENDER IN TOKYO . . . filmed on the same spot on the USS Missouri — then in Tokyo Bay and now at Bremerton, Washington.

MacArthur meets President Truman (another realistic portrayal by 'look-alike' Ed Flanders) at Wake Island, who warns the General not to cross Communist borders in Korea. Filmed at Palmdale, California.

General probably did not answer President Osmena's comment, 'Suppose the people learn I can't swim?' with 'Suppose they learn I can't walk on water?' as the two men prepared to embark. MacArthur shunned visits to wounded servicemen in hospitals but in the film he visits wounded in the tunnel hospital on Corregidor. He was not on Buna during the fight for the island, again contrary to the film and Truman lived at Blair House when he decided to remove MacArthur from his Korean command, not in the White House as shown — it was then in the process of being renovated.

In the final analysis, as Richard Schickel observed in his *Time* review, the film-makers 'tiptoed up to the most fascinating enigma of (MacArthur's) character and then quietly backed away from it'. Consequently, *MacArthur* remains at best a bland, official biography and at worst, a dull, unconvincing, often confusing story about one of America's greatest generals.

Laurence H. Suid is the author of a recently-published book 'Guts and Glory', an excellent account of the stories behind the making of many classic American war films. The book is published in the United States by Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, Reading, Massachusetts.

MacArthur with General Sampson (Tom Rosqui) during the retreat from the Korean border shot at Camp Pendleton, California. Note the absence of snow on the trees.

The reconstruction of the 1962 farewell address when the General returned to West Point Military Academy (near Newburgh, New York State) where his 52-year military career had first begun.

MARINE CORPS AVIATION MUSEUM

One of the latest in the growing number of museums devoted to aviation history is that of the United States Marine Corps which was opened at Quantico, Virginia, on May 6, 1978.

The exhibit portion of the Aviation Museum occupies one of four old metal hangars which parallel the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac railway tracks near the Officer Candidates School at what was Brown Field 2. The museum also uses two of the other three hangars in addition to work facilities in Larson Gym and office space in the old base brig.

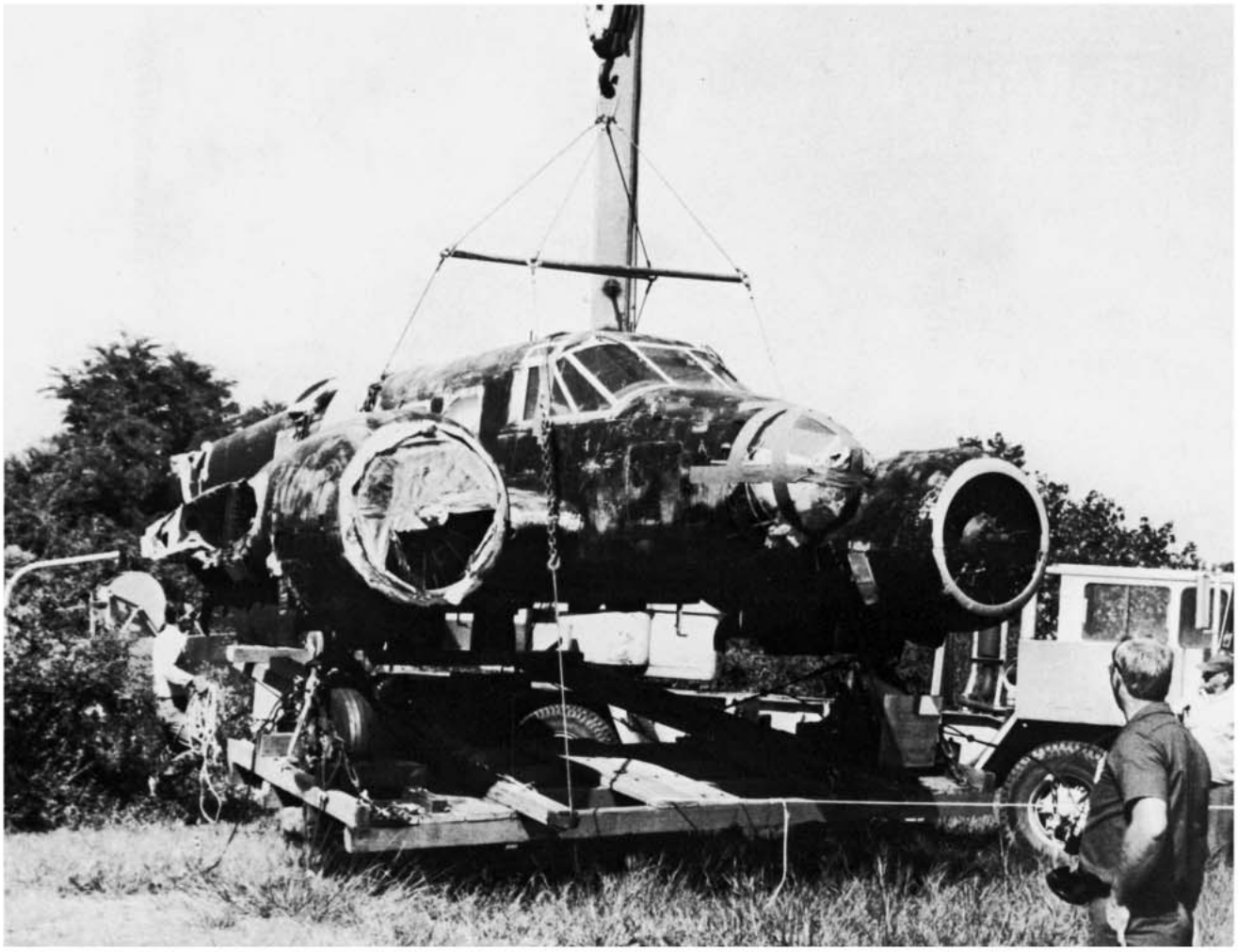
The hangars themselves can be classified as historic artifacts. Erected originally in the early 1920s on the river side of the railway tracks at Quantico at what was then Brown Field 1, the portable structures have been moved several times. During the 1927-33 second intervention in Nicaragua, three of them were shipped to Managua where they housed VO-7M's aircraft. The hangars are easily among the oldest in American naval aviation.

Of the nine fully-restored World War II-era aircraft presently on display, six are inside the hangar while three are on show just outside. Additionally, numerous other pieces of military equipment are displayed around the hangar: artillery pieces, tanks, and unrestored aircraft.

The three outside restored aircraft are a North American SNJ Texan trainer, a Beechcraft JRB Expeditor utility transport, and a Vought F4U-4 Corsair fighter. The SNJ, one of a host of famous North American trainers, bears the same peace-time, high-visibility paint scheme and markings as did the single SNJ present at Ewa airfield, Hawaii, on December 7, 1941. That aircraft, and all but five of Lieutenant Colonel Claude A. 'Sheriff' Larkin's MAG-21 aircraft present at Ewa, was destroyed by Japanese Zero fighters. The Beechcraft JRB is restored exactly as one of its counterparts appeared in 1943 when it served as Major General William H. Rupertus' personal aircraft when he was Commanding General, 1st Marine Division.

Top: **The sole surviving airworthy Grumman F4F-4 Wildcat owes its survival to the fact that it was once used as an indoor instructional training aid.** *Above:* **The North American SNJ-3 Texan outside the new museum.**

Overpowering both the SNJ and the Beech is the Vought F4U-4 Corsair. The big, inverted gull-wing fighter is probably more closely identified with Marines than any other plane ever built. The original design concept called for the smallest feasible airframe to be built around the largest available powerplant. The result was the fighter the Japanese called 'Whistling Death'. Marine combat squadrons were armed initially with Corsairs in February 1943 and by August all eight Marine fighter squadrons in the South Pacific had the F4U. The reason the land-based Marines got the Corsair was that a design modification had put the cockpit so far to the rear that reduced pilot visibility made the plane difficult to land during carrier operations. The Marines, at this time not concerned about carrier



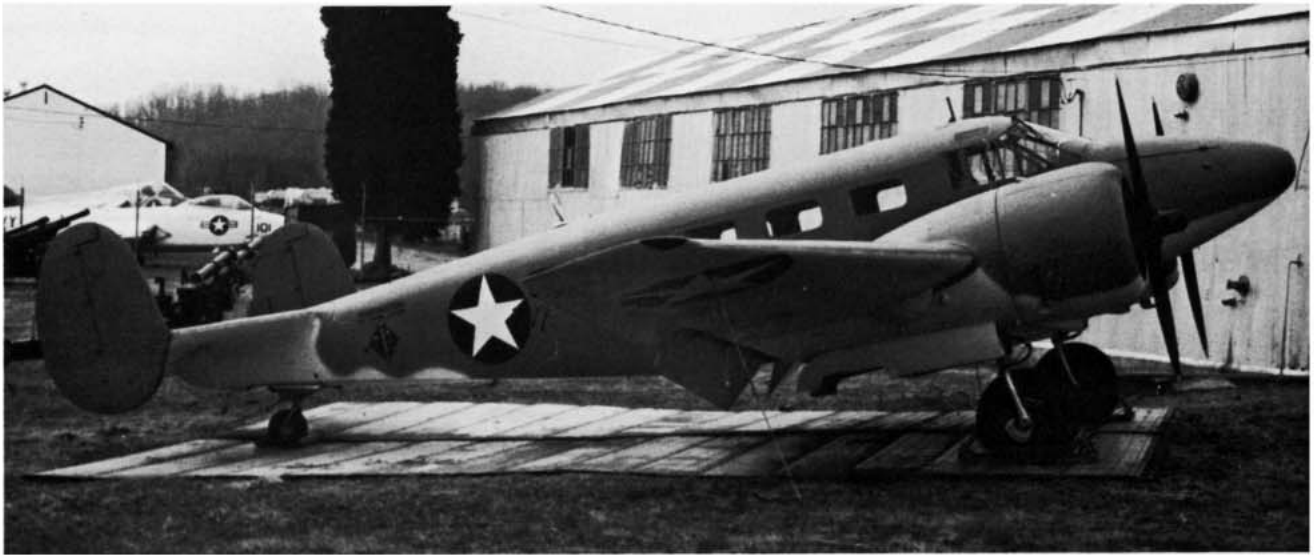
operations, were quite happy to finally get a fighter that could fly and climb faster than the Japanese Zero. Later, when the Marines were fighting to get on board carriers, other design modifications, including higher pilot seating and a longer tail wheel strut, had made carrier operations a safer proposition.

Entering the hangar, the visitor is guided past suspended panels and display cases that amplify various aspects of Marine aviation in the Pacific War. Opposing Japanese air forces are handsomely represented as well. Passing under a bright red torii, the first aircraft encountered is a Japanese Mitsubishi A6M-Zero fighter.

Acquired from a Canadian collector, the aeroplane is flyable and completely restored except for a substituted US engine. However an original Japanese powerplant is on hand and an engine swap is scheduled. This particular Zero has the unique distinction of being the only surviving aircraft, US or Japanese, of those present during the attack at Pearl Harbor. It was originally salvaged from the island of Ballale where it had been offloaded by the Japanese aircraft carrier *Zuikaku* after the battle of Midway. The plane subsequently flew against Marines at Guadalcanal and almost certainly tangled with elements of the Cactus Air Force. Colonel

The Beechcraft JRB Expeditor 'then and now'. *Above:* Discovered in Thailand, Colonel D'Andrea pulled many strings to get it delivered to the museum. *Below:* Three years later beautifully restored after its 15,000 mile air and sea journey.

Thomas M. D'Andrea, the veteran Marine aviator who is director of the museum, believes that the museum's Zero was put out of commission on its Ballale airfield in December 1943 by an airstrike flown by Marine F4Us from VMF-214, the famous 'Blacksheep' squadron, and Marine SBDs from VMSB-143.



Another fully-restored Japanese aircraft is an extremely rare Yokosuka 'Ohka' Model II Baka bomb. This piloted, rocket-assisted suicide bomb was designed to be taken aloft hung from the belly of a bomber, flown to the target area and released. Stubby wings allowed it to glide (with a rather severe sink rate) at up to 288 miles per hour. The pilot could also fire three rockets in the tail to either evade attacking fighters or make a final dash to the target at up to 400 miles per hour. Although they frequently missed their target for a variety of reasons, the 1,000-pound warhead, coupled with potential pinpoint accuracy, made the Baka a weapon to be reckoned with. During the invasion of Okinawa, Bakas heavily damaged three US troop transports and the battleship USS *West Virgina*.

The museum's Baka is the only fully restored operational model in the United States. It was captured by Marines when they overran its airfield on Okinawa. When the Museum finally acquired the mainly-wooden weapon in the late 1960s, it was in terrible shape. The restoration process has taken nearly 10 years, some of the help coming from the Japanese themselves. Major General Tsuneo Azuma, Japanese Air Self-Defense Force, the Washington embassy's senior military attache, rendered assistance in deciphering the bomb's cockpit markings. The general, himself a navy Zero pilot during the last year of the war, became familiar with the Bakas while stationed at Nagoya.

Nearby sits a huge Grumman TBM-3 Avenger, the standard US Navy torpedo-bomber throughout most of the World War II. Many of these aircraft still exist in the United States; quite a few are doing duty with various state forestry services as water and chemical bombers for fighting forest fires. Very few, however, remain in original configurations. The museum's Avenger, acquired from the Georgia Forestry Service, has a fully functional gunner's plexiglass bubble turret, painstakingly constructed by hand in the Museum workshop.

The sole surviving airworthy Grumman F4F-4 Wildcat fighter stands under the hangar roof. The F4F design was Grumman's first monoplane and eventually more than 1,100 of the F4F-4 model were produced. Their predecessors, the F4F-3 Wildcats, fought with VMF-211 in the heroic defense of Wake Island. The F4F-4 saw action at the battles of the Coral Sea and Midway and at Guadalcanal where it was flown by VMFs-121, -212, -223, and -224. Wildcats, flown by Marine pilots such as John Smith, Marion Carl, and Joe Foss, exploded the myth of the 'invincible' Japanese Zero. Flying an F4F-4, Marine 1st Lieutenant James E. Swett shot down seven Japanese 'Val' bombers in fifteen minutes.

The Wildcat was the only carrier-based US fighter in the first half of the war in the Pacific and the primary Marine fighter until replaced by the Vought F4U Corsair in 1943. The Wildcat's heavy use in major air battles early in the war accounts for its virtual extinction. The Marine Corps' specimen survived as a matter of pure chance; it was used as a training aid in a Navy airframe and engine school and was never exposed to the rigors of combat.

Nearly as rare as the Wildcat is the museum's fully-restored Douglas SBD-5 Dauntless dive bomber. Of the 2,409 made, only five survive and of these only two are in flying condition. The Douglas 'Slow But Deadly' was the principal US carrier-based bomber during most of the war. Its finest hour, when flown by Marines, was during the Philippine campaign where the close air support it provided the US Army was perhaps the best in the war.

Rounding out the inside aircraft display is a fully-restored Grumman F6F-3 Hellcat fighter, a development from the F4F Wildcat

Above: **The F4U-4 Corsair — dubbed the 'Whistling Death' by the Japanese.**

Above: **Lieutenant General Thomas H. Miller, Deputy Chief of Staff, Aviation with Major General Tsuneo Azuma of the Japanese Air Self-Defence Force, formerly a Zero pilot, in front of the only surviving aircraft of either side from the attack on Pearl Harbour.** *Below:* **The rare Yokosuka 'Baka' rocket-assisted suicide bomb captured by US Marines on Okinawa and painstakingly restored over a ten-year period.**

series. The Hellcat remains to this day US naval aviation's most successful fighter. Although it became operational ten months after the Corsair and could not claim the same high performance, F6Fs accounted for more than 5,000 air-to-air kills, nearly 75 per cent of the US Navy's wartime total. It, not the Corsair, became the primary carrier-based fighter.

Two displays inside the hangar deserve special mention. In one corner is a faithfully reproduced Marine aviation operations tent, similar to hundreds once found in the duty coral and sand of South Pacific islands. The display is complete with a sandbagged .50 calibre machine gun position and a restored World War II jeep.

In the centre of the hangar lies a rusty, bent, three-bladed Wildcat propeller on a low stand, a memorial to VMF-211's aerial defence of Wake Island. Originally part of a memorial on the island itself, the propeller came from the Wildcat assigned to Captain Henry T. Elrod, posthumous recipient of the Medal of Honor. After shooting down two enemy bombers on December 10, 1941 and helping sink the Japanese destroyer *Kisaiagi* the next day, his damaged aeroplane crashed just short of the airfield. Escaping serious injury, Captain Elrod fought on as an infantryman, as did all members of VMF-211 once the last Wildcat was destroyed. He was killed on December 23 counter-attacking the Japanese landing.

Long range plans call for the Marine Aviation Museum eventually to move to another permanent site at Quantico. The old hangars, historic as they are, are not well suited for prolonged aircraft display. They lack heating and air conditioning and, although patched innumerable times in the last fifty years, regularly develop new leaks.

In May 1979, Colonel D'Andrea intends to open a second hangar to the public. This will house an exhibit of aircraft from the biplane era. At present, six aircraft and associated displays are planned. The 'oldest' aircraft will be a completely accurate reproduction of a 1911 Curtiss 'E' Model pusher, the first aeroplane bought by the US Navy. Another fine reproduction is a de Havilland DH-4 bomber, popularly known as the 'Flying Coffin' by those who flew her in American service. Composite verions of the DH-4 (British airframe with American Liberty engine), were flown by Major Alfred A. Cunningham's Day Wing of the Northern Bombing Group during World War I. This reproduction was built at Quantico by two members of the museum staff, Ordnance Curator Mr. Leo S. Champion and Master Sergeant Fritz Gemeinhardt, USMC (Ret).

A second variation of the DH-4 to be displayed is an O2B-1 bomber. One of only 29 built, the O2B-1 is a welded steel-tube fuselage version of the DH-4 built by the Boeing Airplane Company in 1923-25. Mainly used by Marines, the O2B-1 saw service in Nicaragua and was the aircraft that delivered the Marine Corps' first dive bombing attack at Ocotal in 1927.

Having little to do with the US Marine Corps is the museum's Sopwith Camel fighter. However a number of these British aircraft were supplied to the US Navy during World War I and six later flew from US battleship turrets.

A Boeing FB-5 fighter will be displayed. A model of the first Boeing fighter, both it and its predecessor, the FB-1, saw service with the Marines. One of only 27 built, the museum's FB-5 is being extensively rebuilt.

Rounding out the biplane exhibit will be the unique Curtiss Gulfhawk I, painted in its original glossy blue and orange Gulf Oil colors. This was a one-off aircraft and is essentially a modified Curtiss Hawk II export model. It was flown by Marine reservist Major Al Williams on publicity stunt flights for Gulf Oil.

A rather lean-faced 'marine' claws a torpedo into the bomb bay of the Grumman TBM-3 Avenger — the standard US Navy torpedo bomber in the Second World War. This aircraft was obtained from the Georgia Forest Service and had been used to 'bomb' forest fires.

In the future, but depending heavily on the acquisition of additional storage and work facilities, will be a Korean War-era display and several fully restored aircraft are now ready for exhibition. One of these is a specimen of the only twin-engine fighter-bomber ever flown by Marines, the Grumman F7F-3N Tigercat. Another aircraft for display is a Grumman F9F-2 Panther fighter. The Panther, Grumman's first jet fighter, was of such a sound design that it successfully transitioned from its straight wing configuration to the swept-wing Cougar, the latter aircraft retaining the F9F designation.

Another early jet aircraft intended for display is a Douglas F3D-2 Skyknight all-weather fighter. The first of its type to be jet powered, the Skyknight was the most successful fighter flown by US Navy or Marine pilots in Korea. Some of the Marine planes were converted to electronic counter-measure aircraft and ended their service during the Vietnam era nick-named 'Willy the Whale'.

Two other piston-engined aircraft will complete the Korean War period: another Vought Corsair, this one a F4U-5N, and a Douglas AD-4 Skyraider attack-bomber. The Skyraider, in production for twelve years and serving in two wars, was popularly known as the 'Spad' during the Vietnam war.

Colonel D'Andrea is striving to acquire aircraft having a special relationship with the US Marine Corps and top priority goes to those aircraft that are rare because of limited production. Several notable specimens have been acquired as a result of their being phased

The Douglas SBD-5 Dauntless, one of the five survivors of the type in existence.

out of service. The museum will soon acquire from the National Air and Space Museum an XF8U-1, one of two prototype Ling-Temco-Vought Crusaders. First flown in 1955, this aircraft was naval aviation's last pure fighter. Another modern acquisition is the museum's McDonnell F-4A Phantom II fighter-bomber which is stored by the 2nd Marine Aircraft Wing at Cherry Point, North Carolina. This aircraft is one of the first Phantom IIs made. For nearly twenty years the Phantom has been the standard by which the world's fighters have been compared.

The museum's acquisition programme is ambitious and tenacious. Aircraft have been located on plinths in front of schools or abandoned in south-east Asia. The 15,000-mile odyssey of the beautifully-restored Beechcraft JRB is a case in point. In late 1974, Colonel D'Andrea heard from a friend that the Air America Company had left a JRB in Thailand. The friend was persuaded to have it flown to Taiwan where it was crated in a very large wooden box. A contact at US Pacific Fleet Headquarters then arranged for its expeditious shipping to San Diego. When questions began being asked about the big box on the pier, Colonel D'Andrea asked a Navy contact to 'get it somewhere on the Atlantic side.' The boxed JRB, eventually arrived at Pascagoula, Mississippi, via the Panama Canal, perched on the bow of a destroyer. Following yet another move, this time to Norfolk, Virginia, the aeroplane was loaded on board an Army Reserve landing craft which chugged up the Chesapeake Bay to the Potomac River. It was off-loaded at Quantico at the old seaplane ramp only a few hundred yards from where it sits today.

Once aircraft are acquired by the museum they are restored to exacting standards. A unique team has been assembled for this purpose. As the Marine Corps phases out the Douglas R4D troop transport series, the museum is fast becoming the last duty station for Marine piston-engine aircraft mechanics. Some of these SNCOs are working on engines that were obsolete before they were born.

When restoring aircraft only original parts are used if possible but, when this is not feasible, new parts are manufactured to original specifications. The lengths to which museum personnel go to insure authenticity may seem extreme to the layman. For example, specifications for the Boeing FB-5 called for a covering of Irish linen, 600 threads to the inch, cut not with standard scissors but by pinking shears with exactly eight pinks to the inch. As a consequence, under the dope and paint of the FB-5 is exactly what Beoing specified 51 years ago.

During the restoration of an aircraft, the only departures that are allowed from original specifications are those that effect preservation. An extensive and time-consuming process was used to preserve the inside of the FB-5's framing. The aluminum tubing was first filled with hot linseed oil. This was drained and followed by zinc chromate which was sloshed around, drained, and the tubing quickly capped. What remains is a permanent, non-hardening film which will prevent future oxidation.

The restorers have discovered that using original materials is, at times, not merely aesthetic but actually the only workable solution. When trying to reconstruct the FB-5's bent-wood wing tips they found that no available wood was holding its proper shape after steam bending. As a last resort they ordered exactly what the Boeing plans specified; blue spruce from Portland, Oregon. The old timers at Boeing certainly knew what they were doing. The blue spruce from Portland formed perfectly.

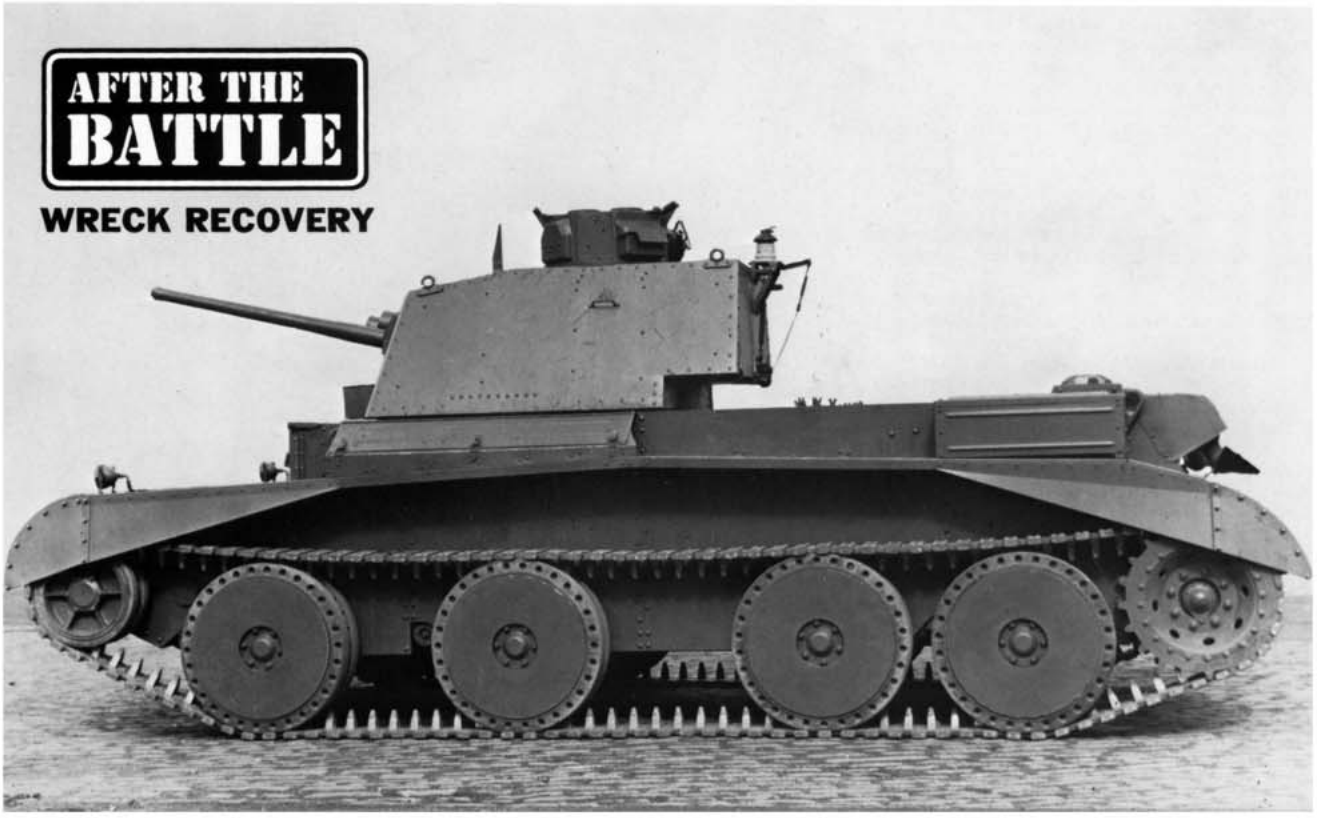
When asked if this minute attention to detail is really necessary, Colonel D'Andrea flatly states that it is. He is 'rebuilding for the future' and is convinced that 100 years from now the US Marine Corps Aviation Museum will have the only entirely original specimens of many aircraft. All instruments will be calilbrated, all guns and bomb release mechanisms will be functional and the aircraft will be able to fly. This flying capability at times hampers an outsider's understanding of the purpose of restoration. Colonel D'Andrea emphatically says he has no desire to fly any of the restored aircraft. He believes that nothing would be gained and the aircraft would be at risk for no reason. Flying is not the purpose of museum restoration but flying capability is the natural end result of total restoration.

As time passes, the wrecked and abandoned aircraft located in the World War II and Korean War zones are becoming a primary source of parts and foreign aircraft disposal listings are examined regularly. In their drive to provide the finest possible aviation museum to Marines and the public, Colonel D'Andrea and his staff have set out on an active, aggressive, programme to secure additional aircraft and parts which has put them on a first-name basis with manufacturers, other restorers and numerous aircraft collectors. An excellent working relationship has developed between the Marine Corps Aviation Museum and the Smithsonian Institution's aircraft restoration facility at Silver Hill, Maryland.

Colonel Tom D'Andrea is in charge of the new Marine Corps Aviation museum. He served in Vietnam with VMF-211 being awarded the DFC, five Air Medals and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry. Later he was awarded the Bronze Star Medal with combat 'V' and the Navy Commendation Medal with combat 'V' for leading two night ground actions during attacks on Da Nang Air Base in 1967.

High on the museum's wants list are the Brewster F2A-2/3 Buffalo fighter, the Boeing F4B-4 biplane fighter, and the Vought SB2U Vindicator scout/dive bomber. Only two Buffalos are known to exist, one in Finland and one reported rotting on an abandoned Dutch airstrip somewhere in Indonesia. Although Colonel D'Andrea hopes to acquire an F4B-4 he is practically resigned to building one in order to have a display specimen. As for the Vindicator none are known to exist but there is always a chance that in some back-water of the world . . .

The Grumman F6F-3 Hellcat fighter, a development from the Wildcat. It is claimed that Hellcats shot down 5,000 enemy aircraft making it the most successful US Naval fighter.



TANK RECOVERY AT DUNKIRK

France, May 1940. Within fifteen days of the launching of the German offensive in the West, British, French, Belgian and Dutch soldiers stood surrounded, their backs to the Channel coast, fighting a last desperate, battle to survive.

The evening of May 25 found General Maxime Weygand, Supreme Allied Commander in France, pursuing the plan which he had announced on the previous day for 'a vast bridgehead' round the ports of Calais, Boulogne and Dunkirk. The object of the bridgehead would be to tie down 'important enemy forces' and gain time to organise resistance on the Somme. Faced by the British withdrawal from Arras, Weygand was concentrating on the defence of these ports to maintain supplies for the armies of the north. During the day, the French Government maintained their pressure on the recently-appointed British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, to reinforce their defence.

However the British had already decided that a French offensive on the Somme would never succeed. On May 25 in Paris, Major-General Sir Edward Spears, Churchill's personal liaison officer, warned Paul Reynaud, the French Premier, that a British withdrawal by sea might have to be attempted if a breakthrough to the Somme were impossible. In its place, the defence of Calais to the last had become, after much hesitation, the policy of the War Cabinet. (A few hours later, at 10.30 a.m. on the 26th, Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, would authorise the British Commander, Lord Gort to fight his way back to the west, 'where all beaches and ports east of Gravelines will be used for embarkation'.)

'The CIGS (Ironside) and I' wrote Eden, 'went across to see the Prime Minister and reluctantly agreed that the garrison must hold out until the last, so vital had it then become to delay the German armoured advance along the coast to Dunkirk.'

Churchill's own account of the decision is characteristic: 'We three came out from dinner and at 9.00 p.m. did the deed. It involved Eden's own regiment in which he had long served in the previous struggle. One has to eat and drink in war, but I could not help feeling physically sick as we afterward sat silent at the table' For years afterwards, Churchill was unable to speak of Calais without emotion.

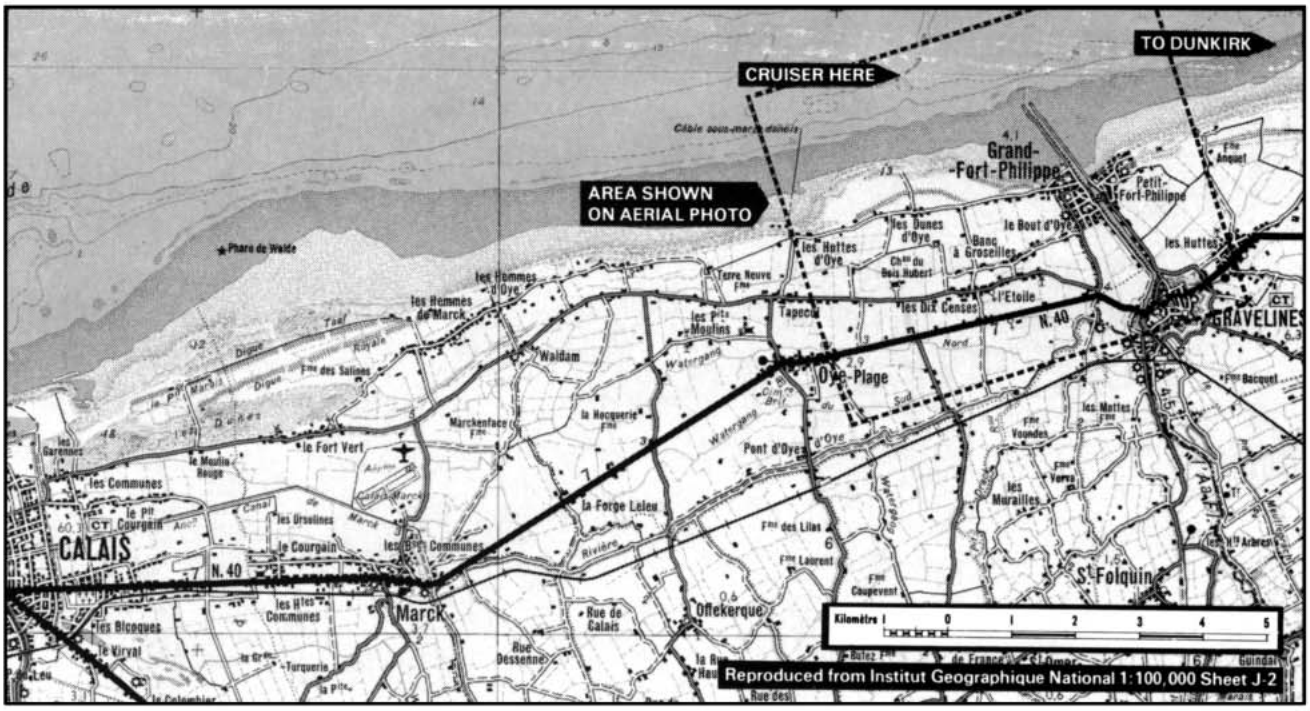
By nightfall, the defenders of Calais were very weary. Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. B. Miller, commanding the 2nd Battalion, 60th Rifles and in charge of the defence of Calais-Nord, said the 60th were 'cheerful but very done'. Major Alexander W. Allan, second-in-command of the 1st Battalion, Rifle Brigade, described the position of the brigade as 'far from happy'. Both regiments had made a remarkable stand and every clerk and cook was now in the line.

Earlier that afternoon, Major Allan's superior, Lieutenant-Colonel Chandos B. A. Hoskyns had asked the CO of the 3rd Battalion, Royal Tank Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald C. Keller, for a patrol to help a counter attack by I Company of the Rifle Brigade along the Quai de la Loire. Keller sent a cruiser and two light tanks. The cruiser had great difficulty in turning round as the road to the Bastion de l'Estran was crowded with transport. The patrol moved off towards Hoskyns' trenches at the junction of the road to Bastion I. They had hardly

Above: **Having paid 5,000 francs 'information money', David Davies (adjusting pump) examines his 'purchase'.** *Top:* **A Cruiser Mk III patterned on the US Christie chassis (IWM).**

Above: **One of a series of RAF reconnaisance photographs taken of the evacuation beaches on June 5, 1940. Unfortunately the tide is in, covering the stranded Cruiser (RAF Crown Copyright).**

Below: **An extract from a 1954 French survey map with the area covered by the aerial photo outlined. Note how the coastline has changed, even in fourteen years.**



reached there when a salvo of shells landed which mortally wounded Colonel Hoskyns. An officer shouted to Keller that Hoskyns had been killed and that one of his tanks was hit. Keller wrote afterwards: 'I saw that the tanks would all be knocked out if they remained where they were and decided that the only thing to do was to evacuate — try and save what was left of my unit and gain touch with the French at Gravelines. I therefore told Second Lieutenant Munday to get his tanks on to the beach and told my second-in-command to get all the men along the beach and try and contact the French.'

Colonel Keller and his second-in-command had already decided that their 'sphere of usefulness' was over. They had spent the night in the sand dunes and had been able to send a number of tank patrols to help the 60th. By the morning of the 25th, under very heavy shelling, it had become difficult to get any clear orders and they had lost tanks knocked out in the town by German anti-tank guns fired at street level from cellars. These casualties, together with the loss of five tanks which were prematurely destroyed by their crews on the previous morning due to a misunderstanding, had reduced the Third Royal Tank Regiment to a handful of mobile tanks. (Orders had been issued that tanks and transport likely to fall intact into German hands were to be destroyed and, as a result, five cruisers had been prematurely set alight on a sandy space near the Gare Maritime). The tank crews, parked on the roadway leading to the Bastion de l'Estran, were totally exhausted and subjected to continuous and accurate shellfire.

The situation looked threatening to Colonel Keller. Now that Colonel Hoskyns was dead and knowing nothing of the fate of the other Rifle Brigade officers, he assumed command. He ordered the wounded to be evacuated along the beach. These men, about a hundred in number, from the Rifle Brigade and Queen Victoria's Rifles, were taken in ambulances and trucks. The drivers were ordered to hurry but two vehicles were hit and the wounded in them killed. A tank escorted them on to the beach along the north side of the Bassin accompanied by a crowd of French soldiers and refugees. Under mortar fire, stretcher parties were organised and the wounded taken a further half-mile into the sand dunes towards Dunkirk. Shortly afterwards they were all captured.

Above: **The turret begins to emerge during the exploratory dig.** *Below:* **Joined by Dave Humphreys (right) of Military Marine (UK ex-WD dealers) and Norman Abokire of the American WWII Historical Re-enactment Society (see ATB No. 13) with camera, the team waits for the tide to recede on the first day (Gary Mader).**

Below: **Even before the tide is completely out, the equipment begins the dig.**

Above: **Wheels in the air, the strain is taken up on the first pull before . . . Bang! — the precise moment that the cable snapped captured by Gary Mader in the** *photo below.*

Keller ordered his second-in-command to move along the beach with the remaining tanks. He then jumped on to a light tank which carried him half-a-mile along the dunes until he came to the Rifle Brigade trenches, north-east of the Bassin. He told their occupants that he believed Hoskyns was dead and suggested a plan for both tanks and infantry to fall back eastwards at dusk. They agreed to meet again but lost touch later.

Unarmed French and Belgians were plodding through the sand towards Dunkirk and Colonel Keller, through field-glasses, saw that they were being rounded up by German motor-cyclists. At this point, the light tank on which he was riding went out of action. It refused to start again and, as it was under fire, he was compelled to move on foot through the dunes. Some of the tank crews and their officers, also on foot, were taken prisoner.

Except for one of his squadron commanders Major Simpson, Colonel Keller was alone. Both of them continued walking along the shore. About four miles from Calais, three tanks were found abandoned in the sea, their engines, machine guns and wireless sets destroyed. They were also out of petrol. Next morning they reached Petit Fort Philippe and were transferred to Dunkirk and thence to Dover.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Channel, the drama was approaching its climax. Within a day the full-scale evacuation of the BEF had commenced carrying to safety over 330,000 men over the following nine days.

The years rolled by. The Germans came and went . . . meanwhile one of the Cruiser tanks spotted by Colonel Keller was slowly settling in its sandy grave on the beach between Calais and Dunkirk. Thirty years later all that could be seen was a few inches of barnacle-encrusted metal, visible only at low tide and just another piece of rusty war debris to the holidaymakers frequenting the beach.

In 1978 David Davies, owner of the Hotel Normandy at Wissant near Calais, heard of the existence of the buried tank through friends. Mr. Davies, whose Welsh father married a French girl and stayed on in France after the First War, has always had a passionate interest in war militaria. He had all the advantages of increasing his collection in the early years after the Second World War when war material abounded in France and this led to his purchasing one of the blockhouses of Batterie Todt at Audinghen (beside the N40 between Calais and Boulogne) in 1970 to house and display his vast collection.

Although the exact type and model of the buried tank was unknown, legend had built this up to be a Tiger and Mr. Davies felt it was worth paying the asking price of 5,000 francs (£580 or $1,100) for the information on its exact location. When he saw it, the few inches of metal visible made identification difficult, especially as the spot was only uncovered by the tide every five weeks although the proverbial 'Tiger' could easily be ruled out. Nevertheless, having paid highly for the information, Mr. Davies decided to go ahead with what he realised could be a difficult and costly recovery operation.

These difficulties should not be minimised. The tank now lay over 1000 metres from dry land and the intervening beach was crossed by shoals and soft sand. The heavy lifting equipment and bulldozers would have to negotiate hundreds of yards of wet ground, following the tide out, just to get to the site. They would then have barely three hours to complete the digging, recovery and transportation back up the beach before being

engulfed by the encroaching sea. The problem of digging in wet sand itself will be apparent to everyone who has ever played sandcastles on a beach.

Forty-eight hours before the main effort with hired plant began, experiments were made to uncover the tank by hand using shovels and an electric pump to drain the excavation. This attempt proved abortive and the morning of the big day dawned with many questions unanswered.

At 6.00 a.m. on Tuesday, September 19, 1978 the equipment, which included a tracked bulldozer and a big tracked excavator, was in position on the beach. The latter began digging around the tank and, within two hours, it was considered that a combined lift with the excavator arm and pull with the 'dozer could be attempted. A ramp-like slope was dug out facing up the beach and two 40-ton hawsers attached to the tank. Sand continued to collapse into the water-filled hole as the pumps failed utterly to keep the excavation dry. When the strain was taken up, the tank refused to budge an inch and the steel cables snapped like twine. At this stage the tide put paid to any further effort and the vehicles, already surrounded by water, retreated up the beach.

By now, Mr. Davies realised that the tank was a British Cruiser with a weight of 19 tons but it was obvious that it was completely filled with sand. This meant that the tank could now weigh 50 tons, not an easy lift on a soft, shifting surface. That evening, Mr. Davies had to make a vital decision: should he go on and risk all or cut his losses and pull out there and then? Although another attempt could be made at low tide early the next morning, as the sea would have refilled the excavation with sand it would mean starting again from square one. It was obvious that more muscle would be required to shift the tank and it was also apparent to him that the only way to remove the tank from its watery grave would be to lift it out bodily. As was found at the recovery of the Churchill at Graye *(see After the Battle No. 15)* far more power is needed to drag a weighty object rather than to raise it vertically. Many were the suggestions made as to what should be done next (also reminiscent of the Churchill AVRE recovery) and Mr. Davies had to firmly assert his position as the man footing the bill! His mind made up Mr. Davies called in two more cranes with lifting capacities of 18 and 32 tons for the following morning.

Early next day, the team assembled again on the site. The digger recommenced digging around the tank while the cranes were readied for action. To try and prevent them from sinking into the sand, railway sleepers were placed under the supporting feet. Working at times waist deep in water, the cables were finally connected and the lift commenced. The plan worked perfectly and, towards mid-morning, the long-buried remnant of the Dunkirk battle rose from the water. However, once again the sea took command of the situation and the tank had to be abandoned, albeit now on level sand.

Sightseers had been a constant problem during the operation and, now that the Cruiser was vulnerable to the ravages of souvenir hunters, the local press were persuaded to print a false location for the recovery, stating that this had taken place at Hemmes de Marck, some seven kilometres to the west. Still not happy about leaving the tank on the beach till the next day, Mr. Davies decided to try to tow it to safety on the next tide even though this would mean working in the dark. Labouring under the glare of vehicle headlamps, the tank was lifted onto a steel-piling platform and slowly dragged up the beach. This task alone took an hour and it was not until 2.00 a.m. on Thursday morning that the success of the project was assured.

The recovery had led to widespread interest in northern France (Reuters put out a short,

Above: **The second day — Wednesday, September 20. Dave Humphreys (in the water) helps to fix cables to the rear towing eyes.** *Below:* **The big lift (photos Gary Mader).**

Above: **After having lifted the Cruiser from its 38-year grave, the tank is swung sideways onto firm sand. Note the spare sprocketed driving wheel (Gary Mader).**

inaccurate story to the world's press on September 22) but it was not until September 24, after the tank had been removed to a safer location, that the true location was published. (One final misfortune, somewhat humorous, had occurred as the tank was lowered onto the waiting transporter. Its weight, increased by the internal load of sand, burst four of the low-loader's tyres like a bomb!)

However, although the tank had been successfully recovered, Mr. Davies was now faced with a bill for £3,200. Additionally, in spite of the fact that he personally had made the effort to recover it, the French authorities stated that the tank must first be offered for first refusal to the French national museums before Mr. Davies could consider retaining and displaying it at his Audinghen 'Blockhaus' museum. So there, for the time being at least, the story ends. Reluctant to spend more money on restoration work before knowing that he can definitely retain it, the tank now lies in his brother's farmyard at Guines, quietly awaiting its fate as it has done for the past thirty-eight years.

Below: **As the tide begins to come in, the team prepares to retreat (Gary Mader).**

David Davies with one of the 2-pdr shells recovered from the Cruiser which quietly awaits its fate in his brother's farmyard at Guines.

BATTLE OF BRITAIN INVESTIGATION

Monday, August 26, 1940 dawned bright in the south of England with some cloud over the Channel and, to the young fighter pilots stationed at RAF airfields in the southern counties, it was 'blitzy' weather indeed.

The recent change in German tactics presaged great success for the Luftwaffe with concentrated attacks on RAF airfields and installations aimed at destroying RAF Fighter Command. Over preceding days, Hornchurch, North Weald and Driffield had been attacked and even bases as far apart as Warmwell and Montrose had suffered the unwelcome attentions of German bombers. Manston, a vital 11 Group airfield strategically located guarding the approaches to the Thames Estuary, was one airfield the RAF had already been forced to evacuate. However on this particular Monday, Kenley, Biggin Hill, Hornchurch, North Weald, Debden and Warmwell were to be the targets.

The main attacks of the day were largely repulsed by successful fighter interceptions, though one German formation slipped through the RAF defences and hit Debden during the early afternoon. The third raid of the day, comprising some 150 aircraft from Luftflotte 3, was aimed at the Portsmouth docks and came in at high level at 4.00 p.m. This was countered by eight RAF fighter squadrons from Nos. 10 and 11 Groups of which only three managed to intercept — nine Hurricanes of No. 43 Squadron 'Fighting Cocks' airborne from Tangmere under their CO Squadron Leader J. V. C. 'Tubby' Badger, ten Hurricanes of No. 615 Squadron (Kenley) led by Squadron Leader J. R. Kayll and eleven Spitfires of No. 602 Squadron from Westhampnett under Squadron Leader A. V. R. 'Sandy' Johnstone.

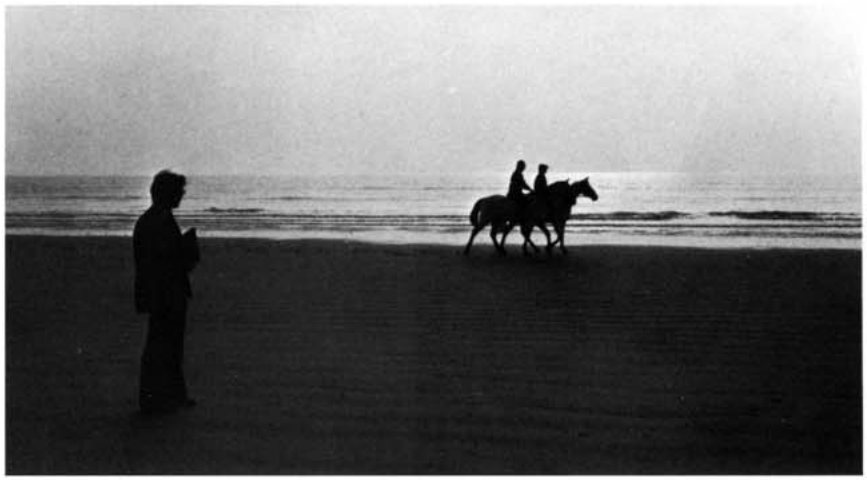
Engaging independently, the three British squadrons met the German formation over the English coast just short of its target. Outnumbered almost five-to-one, the RAF fighters swept into the attack unopposed but, as 602 Squadron's Spitfires closed on the enemy bombers, the waiting German escort pounced. From high above, six Messerschmitt 109s of the 1 Staffel Jagdgeschwader 53 dropped onto the unsuspecting British fighters in a classic 'bounce'.

Leading them was their Kapitan, Hauptmann Hans Karl Mayer, 29-year-old veteran of the Legion Condor in Spain, and close behind him were some of 1/JG53's most experienced pilots: Hauptmann Meyerweissflog, Oberleutnants Dittmar and Haase, Leutnant Zeis and Unteroffizier Karl. Against such stalwarts as these, 602 Squadron's B Flight stood little chance.

In the event, with the British formation dispersing as each section selected its prey, the brunt of the German attack was to fall on Green Section as they concentrated on a vic of Heinkel He111s racing out to sea. In the fleeting seconds before the 109s came within effective range, the Spitfires opened up a withering fire and shards of perspex and metal fragments began flying back from the Heinkels as the 109s swept into the British fighters.

Leading 602 Squadron's Green Section, Flying Officer Hector Maclean fell to Leutnant Zeis who, struggling not to overshoot his target with the speed built up in his headlong dive from 18,000 feet, inadvertently closed to 40 yards before opening fire with cannon and machine guns. With his right foot all but severed from the leg by an exploding 20mm cannon shell, Maclean's severely-damaged Spitfire plunged toward the refuge of the cloud layer below, black smoke belching from its ruptured tanks.

Flying 'Villa' Green 2, Sergeant Cyril Babbage, fascinated by the flash of his De Wilde ammunition exploding along the 70-foot wing span of the Heinkel in his sights, had no inkling that three of Mayer's 109s were now close behind him. Selected by Hauptmann Mayer for his 19th victory, Babbage's surprise was to be absolute. Recalling this episode in an interview more than thirty years later, the helpless feeling of sudden destitution remained vivid. 'It must have been one fairly long pass from behind', Wing Commander Babbage commented, 'she simply shuddered and went on fire'. At 15,000 feet over the Channel, Sergeant Babbage rolled X4188 onto her back and fell clear into space. He was fortunate. His descent was observed and the Selsey life-boat launched to



Top: **The Heinkel on August 26, 1940.** *Above:* **Peter Cornwall, our author and investigator for much of this article, revisits the crash site on East Wittering beach.**

pick him up but a local fisherman, Albert Ide, was first to reach him. Found swimming along strongly on his back, Babbage, confident of eventually reaching land, was apparently unperterbed to learn that the tide was actually going out. However, safe aboard the small boat as it headed back to Bognor, the thirteen-shillings-a-day volunteer was to show a keen sense of values in his concern for the state of the paper money in his sodden wallet.

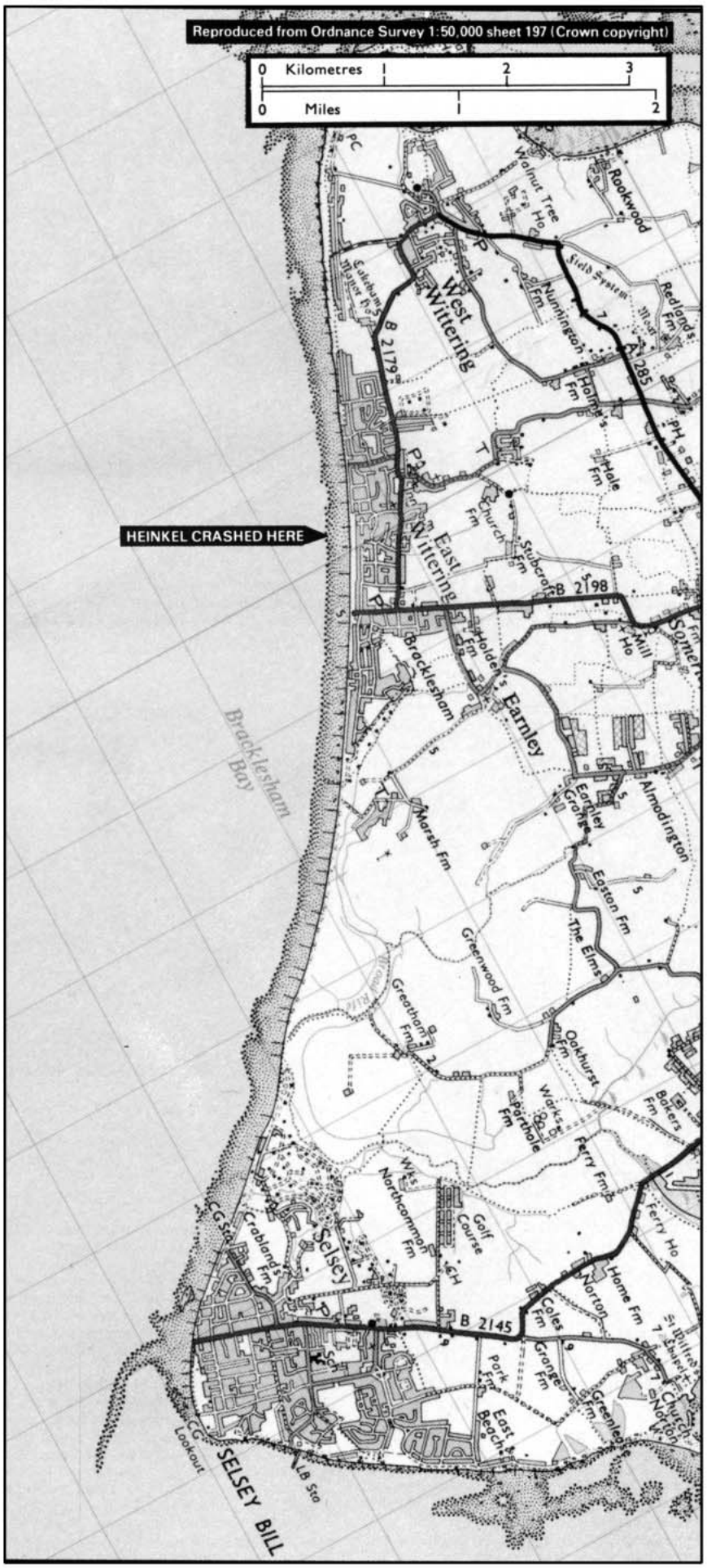
Sole survivor of Green Section, 21-year-old Sergeant Basil Whall, had been flying No. 3 on the outside of the section and had veered away from Maclean and Babbage whilst jockeying for position behind the Heinkels. Six foot, red-haired Sergeant Whall was born in Brighton, just twenty miles down the coast, and had joined the RAF on a five year engagement in 1937. He served with distinction with No. 263 Squadron during their operations in Norway and had destroyed three enemy aircraft there before joining No. 602 Squadron the previous July. His award of the DFM was to be gazetted on October 1, 1940, six days prior to his death in action. Now with his counterpart in Blue Section, he was engaging an Heinkel on the far left of the formation when the 109s pounced. At the last moment he glimpsed the enemy fighters in his rear view mirror and, reefing his Spitfire around in a turn so tight that he threatened to black out, Whall avoided the 109s initial onslaught. Craning his neck from side to side, he searched the sky behind for more German fighters before returning for another attack on the fast retreating Heinkels.

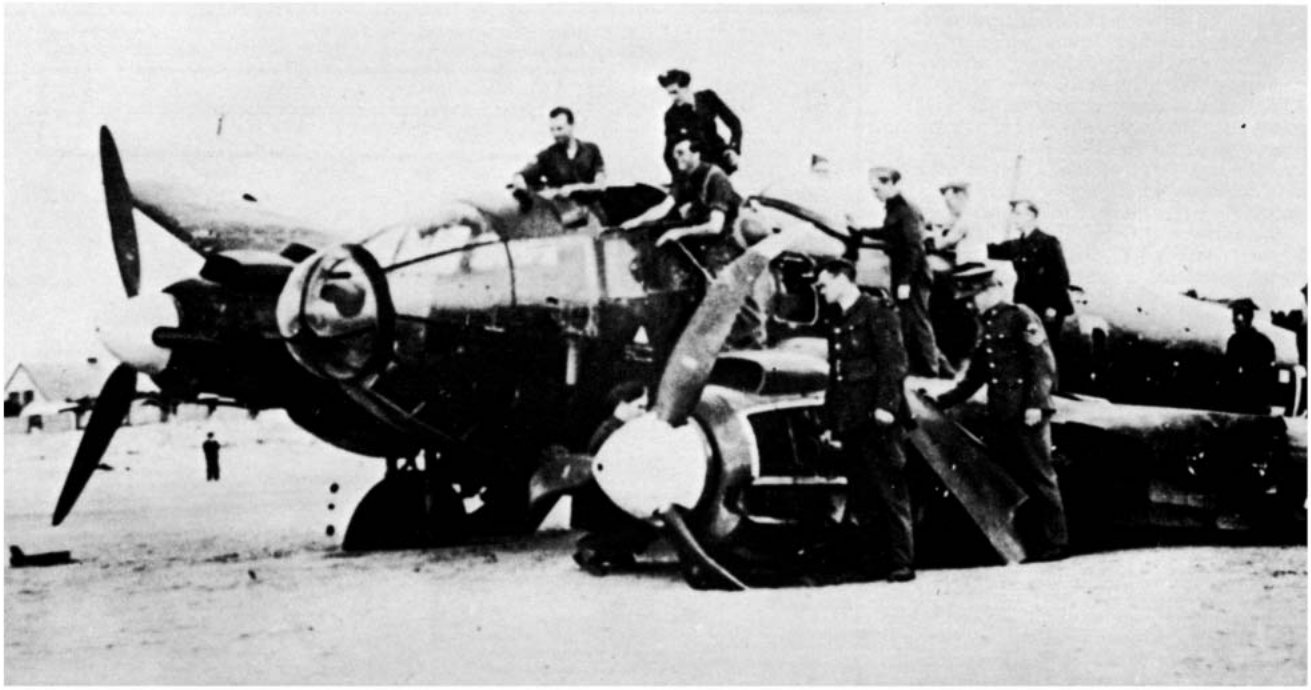
Without their bombs, which had been jettisonned at the first British attack, the Heinkels were making good speed back over the coast although gaps were appearing in their tight formation from the relentless attacks by RAF fighters still harrying them.

Whall slowly overhauled a trio of Heinkels already suffering the attentions of various Spitfires and Hurricanes and deftly flew into the attack. Firing short bursts into the fat body of one, he adjusted his deflection and, deliberately placing his sights on the port engine, he thumbed the firing button. Flashes from his exploding ammunition winked across the port elevator and wing until a hail of .303in bullets from his battery of eight machine guns wreaked their havoc and thick smoke vomited from the bomber's stricken engine.

Surviving yet another attack, this time from a No. 43 Squadron Hurricane piloted by Pilot Officer Harold North, the Heinkel wallowed towards the Sussex coast trailing a banner of oily black smoke. With dwindling engine power the pilot knew he must put the Heinkel down quickly using the height he still possessed. Thankful that it was low tide, the German pilot banked the aircraft around towards an unobstructed stretch of beach at East Wittering and concentrated on his approach. The landing gear was already hanging down having been hit during one of the attacks. Running along the beach, only twenty yards from the sea, the Heinkel gradually lost speed until the port undercarriage, weakened by battle damage, suddenly collapsed wrenching the aircraft around on one wing-tip into the sea until she finally came to rest forlornly facing France.

In the silence which followed the crash, there was a burst of gunfire from the direction of the chalets facing the beach and men of A Company, 2nd Battalion, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry advanced on the bomber. With rifles at the ready, they approached the cockpit along the wing and indicated in no uncertain terms that the pilot was their prisoner. As the German pilot had been wounded he was lifted from his seat and lowered onto the beach. His identity was checked as Leutnant Albert Metzger of 4 Staffel Kampfgeschwader 55 based at Chartres. As the pilot was having his wounds examined, four bodies were carried from the aircraft and laid on the sand





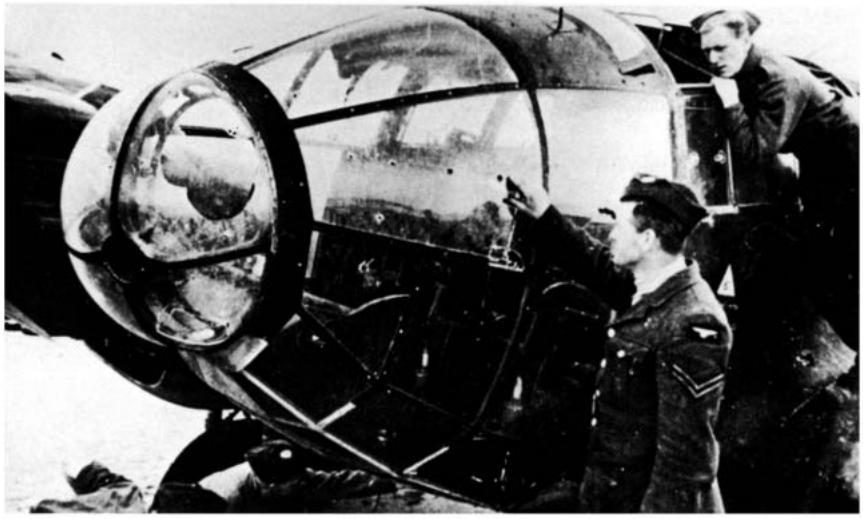
beside him — the observer, Unteroffizier Rudolf Schandner; Feldwebel Julius Urhahn, the flight mechanic; the gunner, Flieger Rudolf Fessel and the wireless operator, Unteroffizier Rudi Paas.

Overhead a solitary Spitfire wheeled as if in salute. Sergeant Whall, breaking every rule, had followed his victim down to register the 'kill'. Seeing troops converge on the downed Heinkel, he flew back into the fray claiming another victim down in the Channel and also circling his friend Babbage in the water off Bognor before returning to Westhampnett to complete his 'Form F'. In this official Combat Report, his unfortunate choice of words in describing what he had actually witnessed was to provide a source of bitter contention more than a quarter-of-a-century later. In his own words, written in the flush of combat immediately after the event, he stated that he 'circled to see the Army take the crew prisoner . . . ' an innocent but telling remark in light of what transpired.

For the troops on the scene, their spirited action in firing on the Heinkel after just having landed would soon pose embarassing. Four of the crew were dead but had they been killed when they were virtually prisoners-of-war? Certainly some of the soldiers had fired on the Heinkel and men inside it had died; that much was as plain to the troops as it undoubtedly was to the growing crowd of civilians gathering on the beach in a murmur of excited debate. Speculation gave rise to rumour and that evening in parlours and taprooms as far away as Southampton garbled accounts of the Heinkel's landing and the fate of its crew were exchanged — the tale losing nothing by the telling. By morning, a popular version had already emerged and in this the crew, Nazi monsters to a man, had been shot dead on the sands in what amounted to a summary execution, a story as misguided as it was illogical.

With the heavy air battles being fought overhead, the almost daily routine of dealing with captured enemy aircraft and personnel fell to the local military and formal procedures were well established. Guards were mounted on crashed aircraft and the local police informed. Prisoners were searched and held pending the arrival of an RAF Interrogation Officer, while any wounded who were declared unfit to travel were taken direct to hospital under guard. German dead were sent to local mortuaries. Many Luftwaffe prisoners had been dealt with in just this way over preceding

Examination of the damage to the machine. Note the army sergeant, probably from the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, in the photo above. Photographs courtesy Mrs. Eileen Bramley of West Wittering. LAC Cyril Bramley is standing on the starboard wing in the photo on page 46.

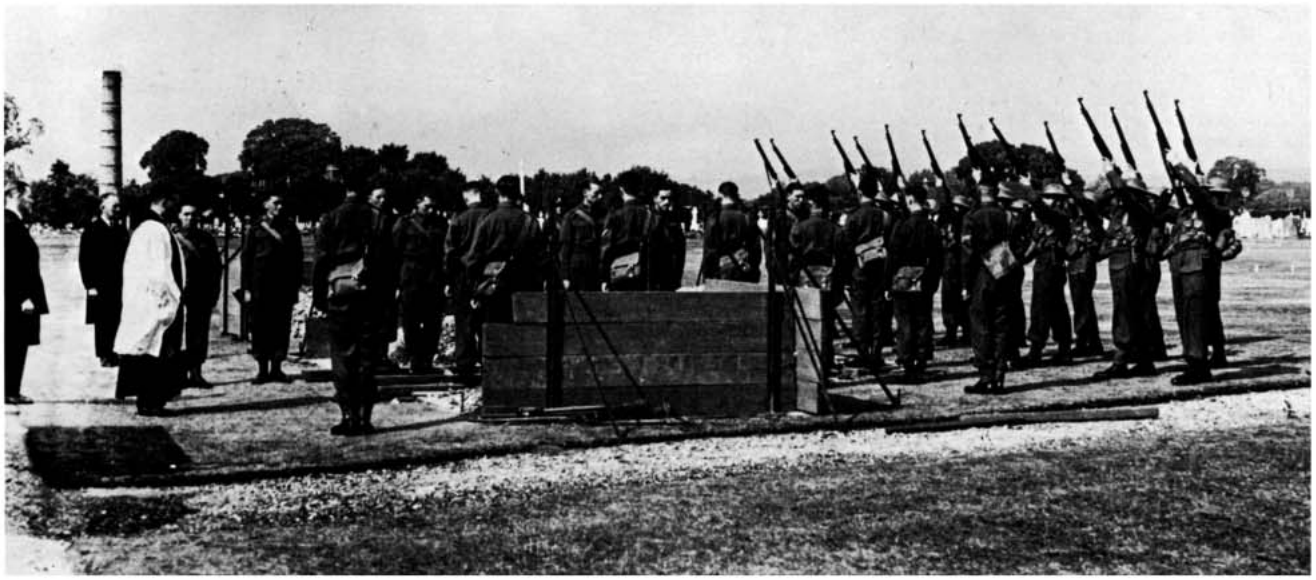


weeks by the very troops who, it was now implied, had impetuously shot four Germans dead — an inconceivable distortion of events.

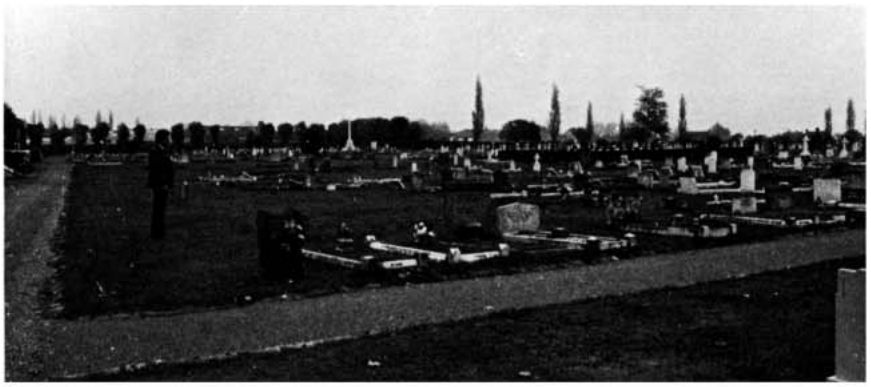
Unfortunately, some soldiers stationed locally took cautious pride in this doubtful demonstration of their fighting spirit, while others were not slow to nourish it. A certain corporal became identified with the incident, a man who had taken action single-handed against a body of Germans in France earlier that year. You could be sure that with men such as these waiting for them, any German landing in Britain would receive short shrift indeed! Coolly picked off one by one as they emerged from the aircraft, or ruthlessly mown down in a group by a burst of Bren gun fire — the stories varied — but either way the symbolic execution of this crew did much to assuage public opinion. Indeed many civilians, familiar with the horror and often tragic consequences of the bombing, took quiet satisfaction in the knowledge that one German bomber crew at least had apparently reaped their just deserts.

To appreciate how these stories gained such credence one need look no further than the atmosphere of the time. Britain had been at war a little less than a year and, in that time, her armies had been thrown out of Norway and France, her allies subjugated and she stood alone in the teeth of an aerial bombardment which razed factories and homes alike, bringing women and children into the front line. The temper of the British, threatened by the prospect of imminent invasion of their homeland or of slow starvation from blockade, was generally one of grim and dogged determination. The authorities, with an eye to morale, quietly nurtured this outlook and consequently all Germans became objects of hate. German airmen, instruments of the fearful bombing campaign, were particularly despised in areas already subjected to attacks. Impassioned feelings ran high and not every man was prepared to be charitable.

Writing from his Malta home thirty-two years later, Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. D. Pentreath MC, former Commanding Officer of 'A' Company, 2 DCLI, has recorded one contemporary version of what was supposed to have happened which reflects the attitudes prevalent at the time: 'The German bomber crashed in front of the whole battalion who were on either a field-firing or a range



Above and bottom: **The funeral of Rudolf Fessel, Rudi Pass, Rudolf Schandner and Julius Urhahn in Chichester Cemetery (Topix).** *Below:* **Thirty-eight years later, we sought out the location of the grave — empty since 1962.**



exercise. The battalion was already in the lying position and firing at some targets when the bomber crashed 600 or 1,000 yards in front of them. The men went on firing but now at the bomber and officers could not stop them — rapid fire, many weapons, intense noise. The men had seen plenty of women and children killed in Southampton and regarded all German airmen as vile outlaws, so they fired rapid until all the Germans had dropped.'

Asked what he would have done if he had been on the spot, Lieutenant-Colonel Pentreath replied '. . . I would have fired at any airman who had not his hands up. I would have fired to prevent papers etc, being destroyed and fired to prevent the 'plane being destroyed if the airman attempted to sabotage it. It was always likely that the RAF might learn something new e.g. secret equipment, bomb-sights etc. but I would have made the men cease fire at any airmen who moved well clear of the aircraft with their hands up'. A perfectly correct and legitimate attitude according to the common usages of war.

However as far as the official record is concerned, the cryptic entry in the War Diary of the 2 DCLI was to be clear if somewhat terse: '26th August 1940 1627 hours. 1 enemy bomber brought (down) on beach 'A' Coy. — 1 officer prisoner captured, remainder dead'.

Another contemporary report, a dossier compiled by RAF Intelligence, covered the Heinkel's landing in more detail. Following well-established Intelligence methods, it comprised a meticulous appreciation of captured equipment and documents, information gleaned from interrogation and accounts from eye-witnesses. In this last category it was to include an oblique indication of the high emotions current in the neighbourhood as stories of the shooting flourished. Given the accounts presented to him, the RAF Intelligence Officer on the scene exhibited remarkable tact (and, incidentally, an alert anticipation of the possibility of some inter-service dispute) by inserting a discreet footnote in his report to the effect that 'the crew were prevented from setting fire to their aircraft'. This well-intentioned but misguided comment only contributed to further speculation.

However, with an admirable sense of timing — possibly coincidental — a confidential Operational Instruction was issued to all units

of the DCLI. Dated August 27, 1940 (the day after Metzger's landing on East Wittering beach) it was headed 'Action against enemy aircraft'. and included the following significant remarks '. . . you have a very effective weapon in your rifle and your light machine gun, enemy pilots hate small-arms fire as they cannot bale out. Use this weapon ruthlessly once you have recognised the aircraft to be an enemy'.

The military attitude to enemy aircraft and airmen was thus clearly defined. Official policy had hardened and the circumstances surrounding the deaths of one German bomber crew were of little consequence.

For his part, Leutnant Metzger spent the next two weeks in hospital during which time he was told of the burial, with full military honours, of his crew at Chichester Cemetery. A year later he was shipped across the Atlantic to a POW camp near Lake Superior.

Meanwhile, on the beach, Maintenance Unit crews had been slow off the mark in salvaging the Heinkel which, within a matter of days, had begun to sink into the sand. Mines and steel scaffolding anti-invasion obstacles made recovery difficult and the bomber was left to the ravages of the sea. At the end of the war, when the beach defences were dismantled, local reports state that the remains were blown up to clear the wreck.

For all intents and purposes that was the end of the matter, that is until a freak storm uncovered pieces of the long-forgotten aeroplane in February 1971. The event was reported in the February 19 edition of the local paper, the *Chichester Observer,* which brought a reporter from *The Sunday Times* hotfoot to the scene. Within a week the story appeared nationally headlined 'the skeleton in East Wittering's cupboard' and included sensational eye witness accounts of the

April 4, 1971 — aviation enthusiasts led by Ken Anscombe of the private Halstead War Museum begin the excavation. (above Ken Anscombe, below Features International)

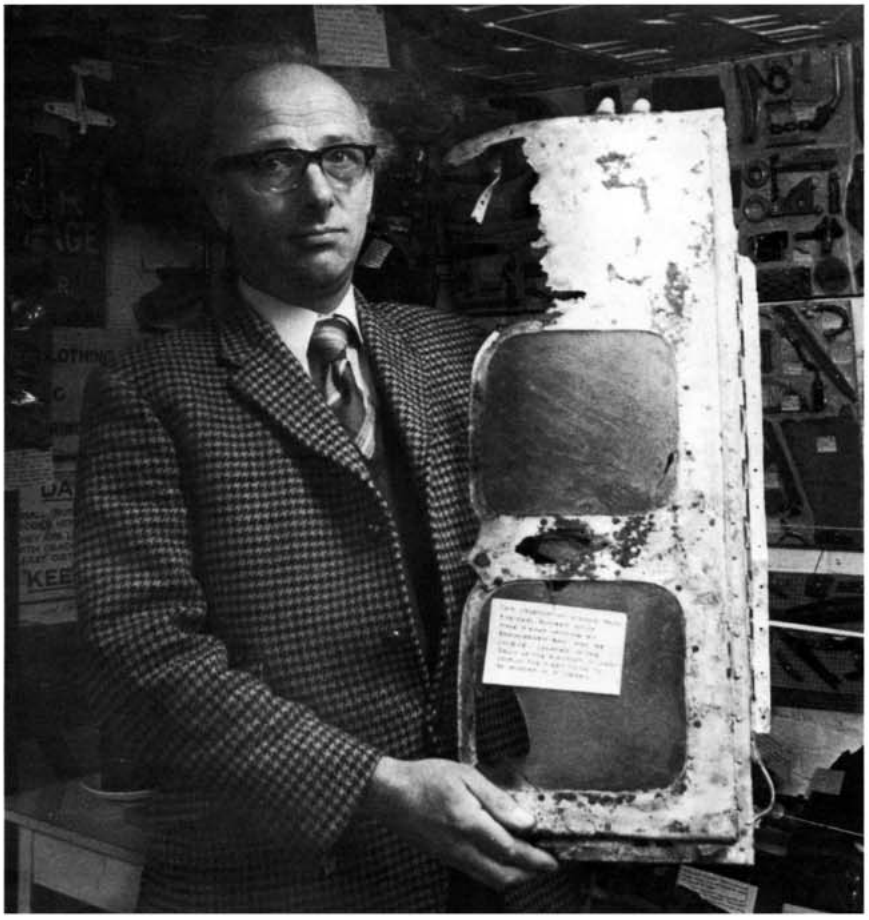
'spectacular' crash of the 'Dornier' just 80 yards from a lone corporal who mowed down the emerging crew with a Bren gun.

Within a month the sand had re-covered what remained of the wreck but the interest of local aviation enthusiasts had already been aroused. They contacted Ken Anscombe (founder of the private Halstead War Museum), then one of the first of the many involved in aircraft wreck recovery. Mr. Anscombe's interest was aroused by *The Sunday Times* article and permission was obtained from the local Parish Council to excavate the site.

A day had to be chosen which would give a low tide but this also had to be a Sunday as this was the only time when all the enthusiasts could get together. Only one day satisfied both requirements — Sunday, April 4, 1971. At 10.30 a.m. that morning, a JCB digger hired for the occasion waded down the beach in the receding tide. Ken Anscombe had already done a 'then and now' to pinpoint the exact crash site using one of the photographs which had been taken in 1940 which showed a house which could still be identified in the top left hand corner (see page 48). The group had to work fast as the digging would have to be completed before the next high tide. Watched by an increasing crowd of interested locals, a pile of twisted metal began to grow on the beach. It was soon obvious that all the upper part of the aircraft was missing, the only pieces to survive being those from the lower portions of the bomber. One of the huge radiators was uncovered, albeit broken in half and encrusted with sand and, more significantly, pieces of wreckage bearing the impact marks of .303 bullets. Two such parts came from the lower 'gondola': one a piece of the port window section complete with perspex and the other a piece of armour plate which protected the gunner when lying prone. Another section of control surface recovered bore four unmistakable bullet holes. However, even after cleaning, none of this evidence proved that the lethal shots were fired from the ground as no actual bullets were recovered which could have identified the actual weapon from which they were fired.

It now seemed that the only person that would be able to confirm or deny what actually happened on that day in August 1940 would be the pilot himself — Albert Metzger — if he could be found.

In 1975, the editor made contact with aviation historian Peter Cornwall, the latter already wanting to get to the bottom of the incident especially after the appearance in August 1973 of a sensational article in *Titbits* entitled 'Was This Our Secret War Crime?' which reported on Ken Anscombe's bullet-scarred souvenirs recovered two years earlier. Peter had successfully traced Herr Metzger to Bonn and the editor agreed to telephone him whilst in Germany on another assignment to request an interview. To this Herr Metzger gladly agreed, even to the extent of interrupting his normal Sunday morning schedule to see us. Herr Metzger, who now holds a government post in Bonn, lives not far from the historic Hotel Dreesen at Bad Godesberg where Hitler stayed while browbeating Neville Chamberlain in the 1938 crisis period. In perfect English, with the event still clear in his mind, Herr Metzger described the events leading up to the crash as follows: When the left engine was hit he quickly cut the fuel supply to the shattered engine and feathered the propeller, struggling all the while to maintain precious height. Mentally assessing the probable extent of their damage, he pondered the options open to him. If they could avoid further attack he would be able to ditch in mid-Channel where the Seenotdienst could pick them up, or with luck they may yet struggle back to base at Chartres or a forced-landing in France. However keeping the Spitfires at bay was paramount, particularly as the Heinkel with only one engine was already inexorably dropping out of formation to become a prime target for any British fighters.



Ken Anscombe with a section from the front port side of the gunner's gondola.

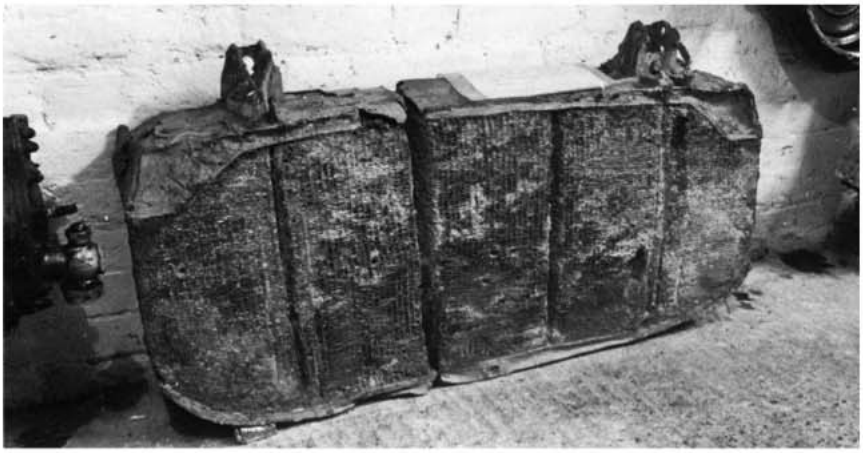
Herr Metzger said the noise of their own MG15 machine guns in the rear compartment was ominously absent and had been since the first Spitfire's attack. He was worried about his crew and wondered if they had baled out. Something had obviously happened to his gunner Rudolf Fessel, but what of Julius Urhahn (the flight mechanic) and Rudi Paas (their wireless operator)? Shouting above the noise of the slipstream and the roar of the starboard engine, he had then called his observer, Rudolf Schandner, from his position in the nose and motioned him aft to see how many were wounded.

Schandner, cumbersome in bulky flying gear, had disappeared through the small door in the bulkhead immediately behind the pilot's seat and shuffled towards the rear compartment along the narrow cat-walk between the vertical bomb-bays. At that moment, another Spitfire raked the fuselage and peppered the starboard wing with machine gun fire which shattered instruments, ruptured the oil feed to the remaining engine and slammed two bullets into his left thigh. Sealing their fate, the remaining engine promptly burst into flames

The editor with Herr Albert Metzger, now in the West German Ministry of Defence.

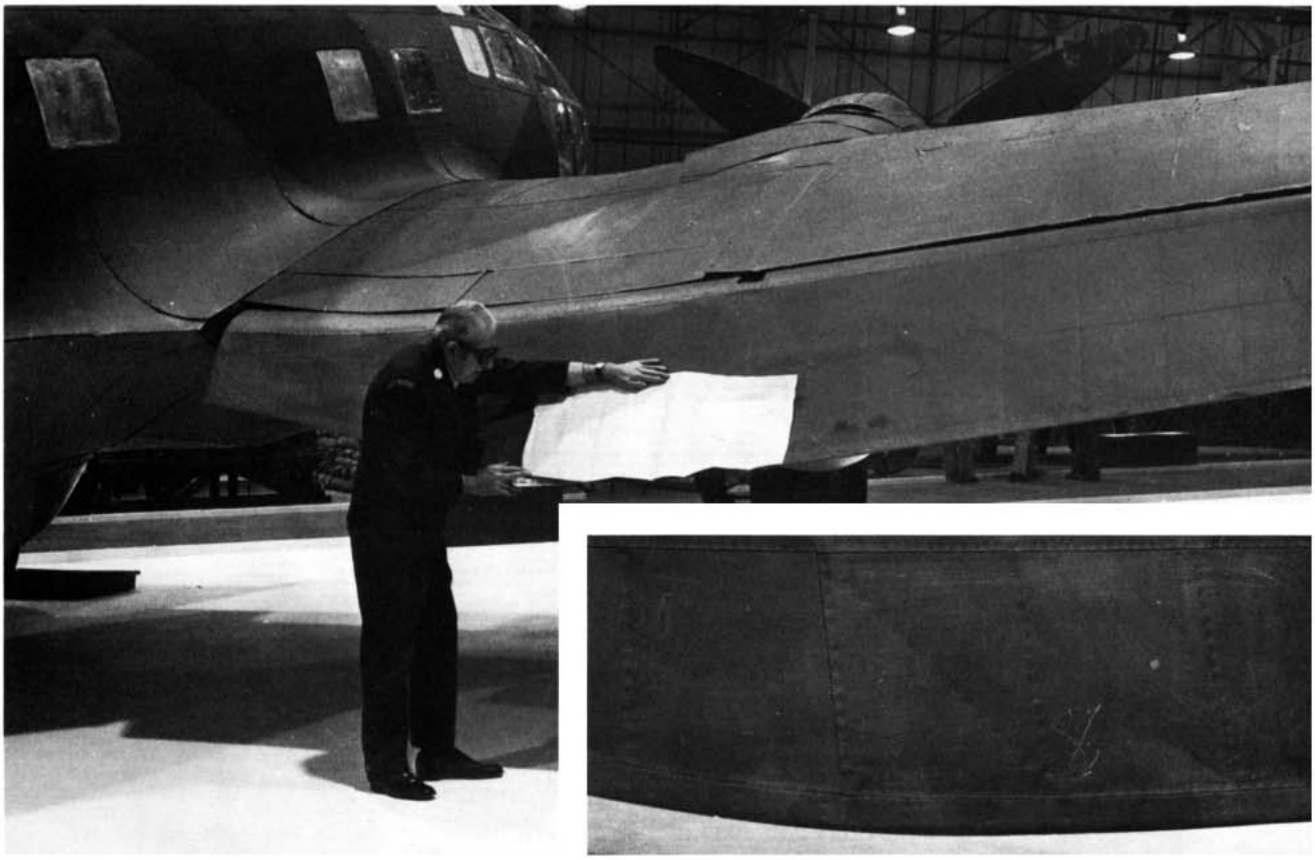
and, with no options left to him, he painfully turned the Heinkel back towards the English coast. In the circumstances, it was a faultless landing 20 metres from the sea and he said that 'if I had been carrying a cargo of eggs none would have been broken'. The fire was immediately extinguished by the water.

When the aircraft came to a stop, he was aware of gunfire from outside. Not automatic



Above: **The radiator and** *below* **a piece of bullet-scarred armour plate from the gondola.**

Left: **A piece of control surface containing four .303in bullet holes (ringed) which could have been significant evidence. However the opening of the Battle of Britain Museum at Hendon in November 1978 enabled us to closely examine an early model Heinkel** *photo below* **and determine the exact identity of the piece of wreckage. We found it had come from part of the aileron directly behind the engines.**



weapons, but what sounded to him like rifle fire and no more than a dozen shots in all. He was, he remembered, in no way surprised at the time but remained crouched behind his armour plate until eventually some five or ten British soldiers waded through the shallows and clambered onto the port wing. With rifles pointed at the cockpit they ordered him to step down into captivity. Unable to raise himself from his seat with his injured thigh, the soldiers took hold of him. As he was lifted from his seat, he glanced back into the body of the aircraft. There he saw the four vague shapes which were his crew laying aft. There was neither sound nor movement from them.

As he lay on the beach (where his tunic and trousers were removed to examine his leg), other soldiers carried his crew members to the shore and, from their pallor, he knew they were dead. He could not say whether they had all been killed in the air but the amount of water which had entered the fuselage was not sufficient, he thought, for them to have drowned. He was categorical in his denial that no machine gun fire hit the aircraft after it crashed.

It was in November 1978 that we finally decided to close the story. Efforts in the intervening period to trace the DCLI corporal had proved abortive and, for that reason, his name has been omitted from this account. In the company of Peter Cornwall, the editor visited Chichester Cemetery where the first burial had taken place and, with the help of one of the gravediggers, we were able to pinpoint the now-empty plot. The bodies were exhumed by the Deutsche Kriegsgraberfursorge in 1962 and moved to the German war cemetery at Cannock Chase. There, although Rudi Paas and Rudolf Fessel were interred together in a double grave, unfortunately, Julius Urhahn and Rudolf Schandner were split up and now share graves with unrelated dead. On the East Wittering beach itself, no trace of the wreckage or subsequent excavation can now be seen to mark the crash spot. As we left after taking our photographs, Peter's comment seemed straightforward and to the point: 'Plainly, the simple facts of the matter hardly justify such sensational exposure and it is to be hoped that the hitherto unpublished testimony of Leutnant Metzger may yet drop the curtain on a sad though unremarkable episode.'

The graves of the crew (exhumed from Chichester in October 1962) now in the UK German War Cemetery at Cannock Chase. *Above:* **Block 1 grave 90/91.** *Below left:* **Julius Urhahn in his shared grave No. 99 and** *below right* **Rudolf Schandner in Grave 97.**